

HOW THE STARS RULE YOUR SEXUAL STYLE

On Our Backs

june.july
2003

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

HAPPY
F*CKING
PRIDE!

BETH DITTO EXPOSED!

THE GOSSIP'S
FRONT DYKE
SPILLS HER GUTS

DON'T BE A LAME LAY

nina hartley
can help

RIMMING

not just for
gay boys

AVA + LESLEY

delivery girl,
uh, delivers

\$5.95 US

\$8.95 CANADA



NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE

www.onourbacksmag.com

plus:

Dirty Dyke
Videos

Readers'
Secret Kinks

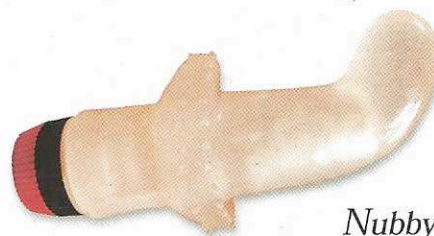
"Luv of a
Filipina Butch"



How to find your G-spot

The G-spot is often portrayed as a mysterious location on a woman's body that plays hide-and-seek with those who look for it. In fact, every woman has a G-spot – and it's always in the same place.

The G-spot is about two inches inside the vagina towards the belly, right behind the pubic bone. It's composed of spongy tissue that is wrapped around the urethra. When a woman is aroused, it becomes thicker as it fills with fluid and can be felt through the vaginal wall. Angle your penetration or select a curved sex toy and apply firm rhythmic pressure to pleasure the G-spot. Some women find this sensation highly sexual and some women expel a clear fluid called female ejaculate (it's not urine) from G-spot stimulation. Not every woman loves having it pressed or otherwise stimulated. You'll just have to try it for yourself.



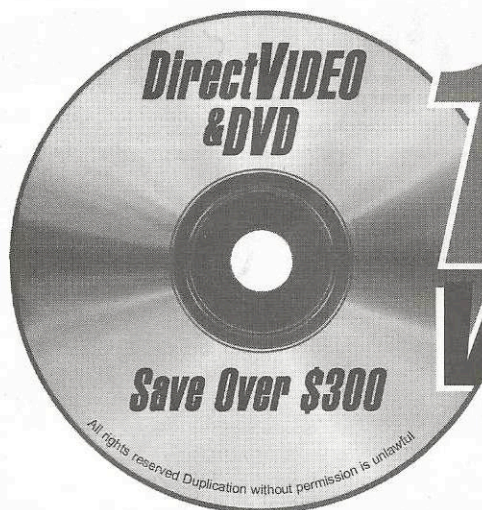
Nubby G, \$18

TOYS
in Babeland

Gear and Guidance from Your
Dyke Owned Sex Toy Store

New York: 94 Rivington St. 212-375-1701 Seattle: 707 E. Pike St. 206-328-2914

www.babeland.com 1-800-658-9119



12 FREE VIDEOS OR DVDS

NO MEMBERSHIP • NOTHING MORE TO BUY EVER

12 FREE VIDEOS OR DVDS!

For a limited time, the leader in the mature themed industry is offering you up to **12 FREE VIDEOS OR DVDS** with *no obligation* to buy anything -ever!

How can we do it?

We want you to experience our massive selection of high quality products designed to educate, stimulate and enhance your love life. We are confident that you will become a loyal customer after receiving your free selections. Each DVD or video is a full 4 hours of uncensored, fully explicit mature themed footage.

This is *not a scam*, this is *not a club* and there is *no membership*. Join the millions of satisfied Direct Video & DVD customers who have ordered over the past 25 years

LIMITED TIME OFFER ACT NOW!

You pay only \$4.95 each for shipping and handling.



Credit Card Customers Call:

1-800-467-6048

24 Hours 7 Days

Send this coupon and payment to: **FREE VIDEOS & DVDS #6** PO Box 64550 Dept. **B 35 B K 63** Gary IN 46401-0550

Format: ☐ VHS ☐ DVD (UP TO 12 FREE)

Titles: (you may choose up to 12 videos or DVDs)

Titles are soft for the purpose of this ad only!

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| ☐ Old Women Love Young Chicks | ☐ Office Lesbians | ☐ My Lesbian Neighbors |
| ☐ My Mothers Best Friend | ☐ Young Lesbians | ☐ Girls Locker Room |
| ☐ Hardcore Lesbians | ☐ Girls in Love | ☐ Jungle Lezzies |
| ☐ You Eat Me & I'll Eat You | ☐ Lesbians in Leather | ☐ Wives and their Girlfriends |

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| ☐ Black Girls Eating Pussy | ☐ Young Girls Who Love Girls | ☐ Women Kissing Women |
| ☐ All Girl Toy Party | ☐ Lipstick Lesbians | ☐ Anal Lesbians |
| ☐ All Girl Massage | ☐ Girls in Love2 | ☐ No Men Allowed |

I've indicated the titles and format I would like to receive (above)!

How many items:

Sub-total

Quantity	X \$4.95 s/h = (each item)	
RUSH Processing Add \$2.00		
Immediate Check Clearance Add \$2.00		
Overnight Add \$15.25		
CALIFORNIA STATE TAX Add 8.25%		
INDIANA STATE TAX Add 6%		
GRAND TOTAL		

Name: _____

Address: _____ Apt: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

E-Mail: _____

PAYMENT: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Signature: _____ I AM OVER 18 (required) Exp: _____

100% GUARANTEED

QUALITY ASSURANCE

At Direct Video and DVD we take pride in offering you top quality DVD's, videos and accessories. If for any reason your selections do not perform, simply return them for a replacement. It's that easy.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

100% PRIVACY

All packages shipped in plain brown wrapping!

ASK ABOUT: SAME DAY SHIPPING

AD#B35

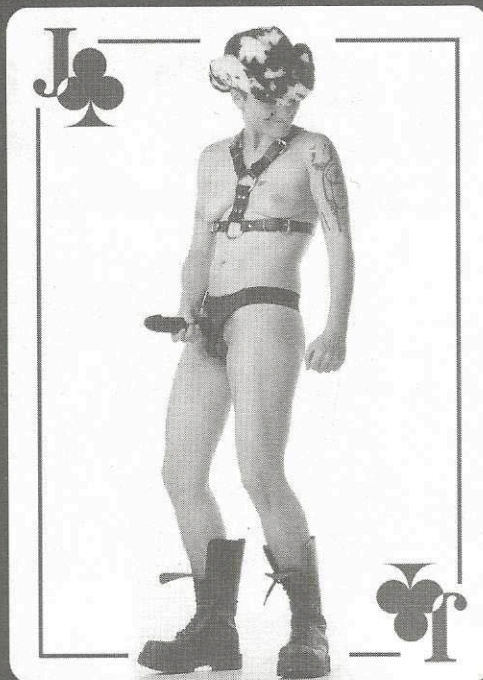


**Leather, Vinyl & Rubber
Dildo Harness'
&
Bondage Play Toys**

**www.ASLANLeather.com
(877) 467-1526 toll free**

Wholesale Inquiries Welcome!

*...For The Jack
In Your Life*



Betty Dodson's ♥ Vaginal Barbell

First Vaginal Exerciser Designed by a Woman Sexologist

Distributed by Betty's Sex Shop www.bettydodson.com

**\$69.95 plus \$8 s&h to US, \$10 Canada, \$12 International.
Buy online, or call 866-877-9676 toll free, or mail check or
money order to Dr. Betty Dodson, Box 1933 Murray Hill,
New York, NY 10156. VISA or MC, credit card number, exp.**

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 18 . Issue 01

managing editor Diana Cage

editor at large Tristan Taormino

editorial assistants Marie McAllister

copy editors Yetta Howard, Kylie Johnston

contributing editors Nina Hartley, Rachel Venning,
Laura Weide

contributing writers Greta Christina, Gina de Vries,
Jessie Fischer, Cara Herbitter,
Michelle Tea, Morningstar Vancil

creative director Ethan Duran

production assistant Rani Goel

associate photographers Phyllis Christopher, Michele Serchuk
contributing photographers Chloe Atkins, Amy Hunter, Ricky Lee,
Rebecca McBride, LeeAnn McGuire,
Shawn Tamaribuchi

contributing artists Deon Allen, Frances Angevine, Fish,
Erika Lopez

associate publisher Catherine Draper

account manager Sid Mahnke

advertising assistant Felice Archbold

circulation director Heather Petrocelli

circulation assistant Kelly Fisher

H. A. F. Enterprises

*publisher of On Our Backs, Girlfriends,
and Inside Pride*

publisher Erin Findlay

editor in chief Heather Findlay

3415 César Chávez, Suite 101

San Francisco, CA 94110

phone 415.648.9464

fax 415.648.4705

editorial@onourbacksmag.com

Manuscripts, guideline requests, and letters to the editor should be directed to **On Our Backs** at the above address. The records required by 18 U.S. Code 2257 [a] through [c] and the pertinent Regulations 28 CFR, Ch. 1, part 75 with respect to this publication [**On Our Backs**] and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Heather Findlay, editor in chief, at 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110, and are available for inspections and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times. The reproduction of this magazine in whole or part is prohibited. Publication of the name or photograph of any persons appearing, advertising, or listing in **On Our Backs** may not be taken as indication of the sexual orientation of that individual or group unless specifically stated. All of the models in the magazine are 18 years or older. This magazine is intended for adults only and should not be provided to minors under the age of 18.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

For orders, address changes, or renewals call toll-free 1.877.XXX.OOBS [1.877.999.6627] 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. CST, or write H.A.F. Enterprises, P.O. Box 500, Missouri City, TX 77459-0500. One-year subscriptions are \$34.95 [Canadian subscribers add \$10; all other foreign subscribers add \$15] and include six issues. Single issues \$5.95. U.S. funds only. Visa/MC, checks, and money orders accepted.

SUBSCRIPTION QUESTIONS?

CALL 1.877.XXX.OOBS
[1.877.999.6627]

On Our Backs [ISSN # 0890-2224] is published bimonthly by H.A.F. Enterprises, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. One-year subscriptions \$34.95 [Canadian subscribers add \$10, other foreign subscribers add \$15]. Periodicals Postage Paid at San Francisco, CA and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **On Our Backs**, d/b/a H.A.F. Enterprises, P.O. Box 500, Missouri City, TX 77459-0500

PRINTED IN CANADA

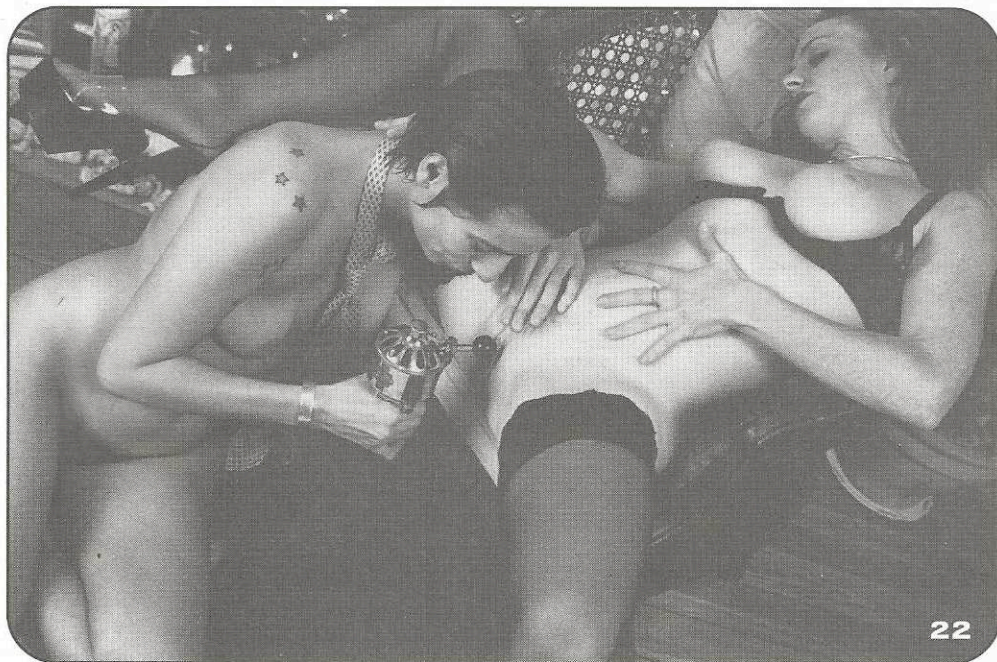
www.onourbacksmag.com

OnOurBacks . 02 . june,july2003

contents

■ june.july2003

on the cover . Beth Ditto + Freddie Fagula . photography by **Rebecca McBride**



features

Sex by the Stars . 28

Sexual astrology by Michelle Tea

The On Our Backs Interview . 30

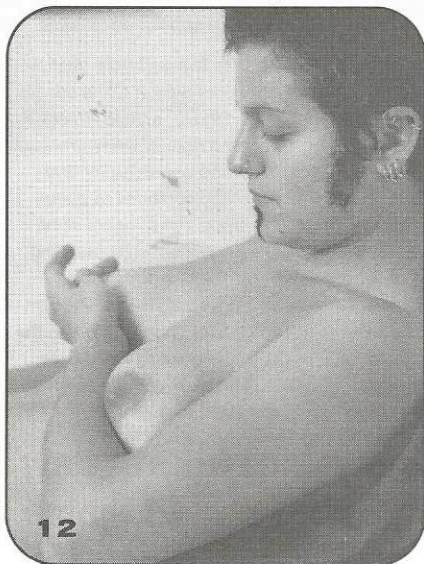
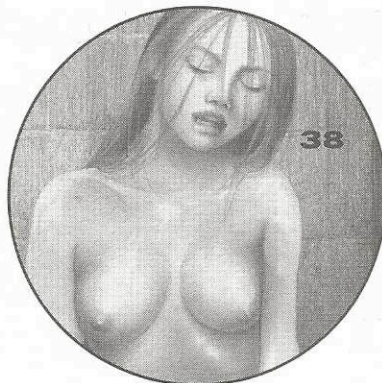
Beth Ditto spills her guts to Cara Herbitter

Luv of a Filipina Butch . 38

Interrogation fantasy becomes reality
fiction by Morningstar Vancil

At the Almador Motel . 40

Woman seeks strap-on lover
fiction by Jessie Fischer



babes

Chris LaBite . 12

photography by Shawn Tamaribuchi

Ava + Lesley . 22

photography by Michele Serchuk

Beth + Freddie . 32

photography by Rebecca McBride

Climax . 48

photography by LeeAnn McGuire



departments

postcard from the editor . 04

contributors . 04

letters . 06

adventure girl . 08

Tristan Taormino experiments with
sexual chemistry

advice . 10

Probe Nina Hartley for the answers

how.to . 11

Rachel Venning tells us how to lick butt

media.whore . 43

Jenna Jameson, Ginger Spice, and more

backtalk . 46

"What's your secret kink?"

reviews

read.it . 16

try.it . 18

click.it . 18

watch.it . 20

Greta Christina checks out real lesbian
porn stars

Celebrity Skin

In spite of having started her period ten minutes prior to arriving and suffering from terrible cramps, Beth Ditto—lead singer of the queer punk band The Gossip—was a blast during the **On Our Backs** photo shoot. In fact, she was just about the most fun I've had with a naked chick that I wasn't getting it on with. I've been completely crushed out on her ever since. You'll be crushed out too after you read her interview (p. 30) and check out the sexy photos of her and her boyfriend Freddie on page 32.

Want to know what the stars say about your love life? Read Michelle Tea's hilarious sexual horoscopes on page 28. I'm a Cancer with Leo rising, so according to Tea not only will I cling desperately to the object of my desire forever, but I'll expect them to worship the hell out of me the whole time. And there's more, of course. Rachel Venning explains the intricacies of eating ass (p. 11); readers confess their kinks (p. 46); and cute lesbians get naked. Enjoy!



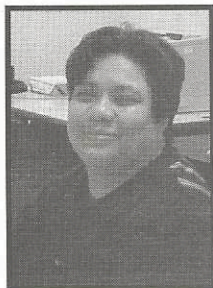
ETHAN DURAN

Aquarius Michelle Tea explains my overactive libido.

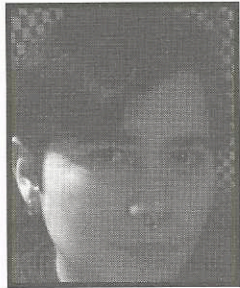
Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Managing Editor

contributors



Morningstar Vancil, author of "Luv of a Filipina Butch" (p. 38) was once an officer in the Philippine Marine Corp. In 1984, she gained political asylum in the U.S. after fleeing the Philippines to resist the Marcos administration's policies. She has been a People of Color (POC) activist since 1985. She is co-founder of 4smWOC, a Bay Area group, and has helped form other local groups. She lives in San Francisco with her fiancée Rae, and two cats, Cuddles and Checkers.



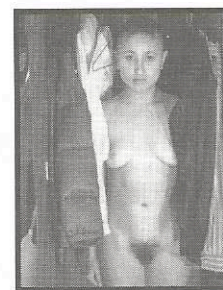
Frances Angevine illustrated "At the Almador Motel" (p. 40). The Vassar College senior majors in women's studies, but loves film, and finds porn to be a synthesis of the two fields. What she really wants to be is a pornographer. She has already made one short porn flick that starred her friends. Her master plan is to eventually get everyone she knows naked in front of her camera, or die trying.



Cara Herbitter really enjoyed interviewing Beth Ditto (p. 30). The twenty-two-year-old baby-bi-dyke arrived last summer in San Francisco with a suitcase and a fantasy (well, more than one): landing an internship at **On Our Backs**. Mission accomplished, she returned to Wesleyan University, older, wiser, and kinkier. Having graduated in May with a degree in women's studies she's now out cruising for women and ways to bring together her interests in sex and social justice.



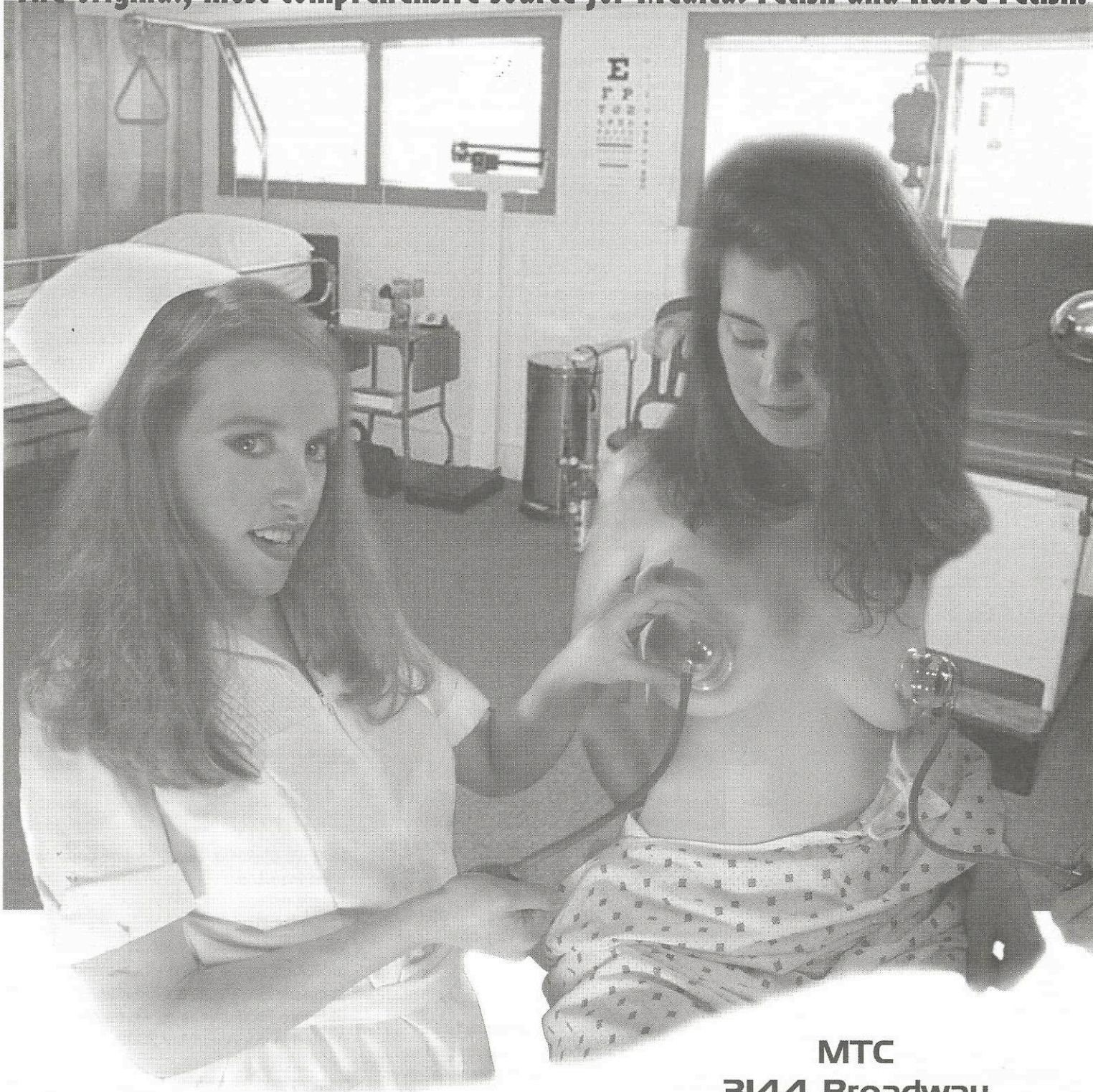
Erika Lopez, creator of the astrological illustration on page 28, is the author of four illustrated books: *Hoochie Mama: The Other White Meat*, *Lap Dancing for Mommy*, *Flaming Iguanas*, and *They Call Me Mad Dog*. Now that she's fallen on hard times she does illustrations for **On Our Backs**, and sells her books and Welfare Queen T-shirts from her Web site www.erikalopez.com, in order to pay off her parking tickets.



Shawn Tamaribuchi shot the kinky-cool pics of Chris on page 12. Her artistic interests convene right in the intersection of art and pornography, and the representations of queer identities; she ponders all of this deep stuff while pursuing her M.F.A. The former Ms. Androgynous United Kingdom title-holder is hoping to flee the U.K. and head to the U.S. to look for work and a place to live sometime next year.

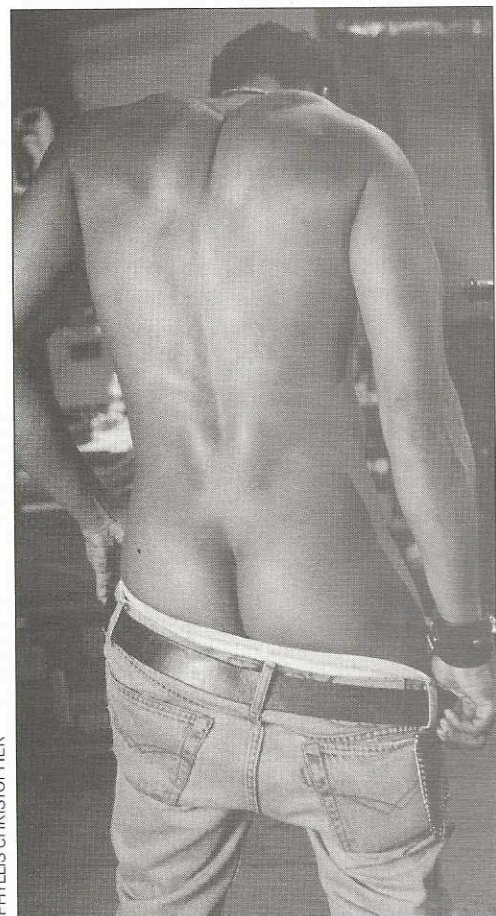
MedicalToys.com

The original, most comprehensive source for Medical Fetish and Nurse Fetish!



website: <http://www.MedicalToys.com>
email: Nurse@MedicalToys.com
catalog: \$5- or FREE w/every order
M/O's and Checks are payable to: S&M Visions

MTC
3144 Broadway
Suite #4-245
Eureka, CA 95501-3838
Order Line: 1-800-791-3931



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Muscle Lust

A big thank you for *Madison* (April/May 2003), an oh-so-rare pictorial of the kind of butch that makes me slide right out of my chair. There are very few images of handsome, proud, butch women out there and many high-femmes are visually starving. Bring on more broad, powerful shoulders tapering to narrow hips and defined biceps leading to seductively narrow wrists. I'm sure pink shots are nice for other folks, but give me a sexy butch back over a spread-eagled chickie any day. As the only dyke porn magazine, you have a difficult role to fill. I wanted to let you know that you've hit a home run with me.

Cynthia LaLuna
Tucker, Georgia

I have the August/September 1998 *On Our Backs* cover featuring Tirza and Oriana framed in my kitchen, and about twelve other issues in my living room for company reading material. But the pictorial of *Madison* is hot, hot, hot! Please tell her that she is mad fine, and that if she ever

comes to New Jersey I will pull my bicycle out of the closet and ride.

Noelle [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Madison is the hottest thing I've seen in your magazine in a long time. Can we please get more pictures of butches of color? This brown femme is dying for some eye-candy!

Louise [last name withheld]
Washington, D.C.

Bloody Good Pictures

Your February/March 2003 issue was such a tease. One great picture showed Babe getting her red wings (p. 31), and on the very next page, a picture of Elise after she finished peeing. I scoured the text for references to these two great images but, alas, no such luck! I'm a long-time subscriber and I'd love to see more pictures and stories along these lines. I know its not for everybody, but then very few of your great subjects are. We love what you do because of your diversification!

Gina [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Cunt We All Get Along?

There seems to be a divide growing between readers who want less kink and readers who want more kink in *On Our Backs*. We should keep in mind that this is the only erotic magazine by and for dykes. Anytime one of us speaks up and asks for what turns us on there is cause to celebrate. There are so many kinds of dykes, bois, girls, and trannies getting it on in so many different ways and I want them all. Hot is hot. Does it matter what gets her off as long as you can see her face when she comes? By the way, the picture of the big girl (p. 7, April/May 2003) jacking off in the back of the truck was very hot!

Nicole [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Censor This, Dickheads!

I'm completely shocked and outraged to see the grubby hand of censorship all over my beautiful latest issue [Editor's note Canadian newsstand copies of the February/March issue were censored with stickers.] Suddenly censorship isn't just an issue out there perpetrated by dickheads at

the border. It hit me right where it hurts: I can't even read a goddamn magazine or look at a photo in my own home without the Compulsory Heterosexuality Goons jumping all over it. For years, I've read about the despicably narrow-minded activities of Canada Customs, but now even the magazine distributors are at it. Keep up the good work, obviously some of your readers—including myself—need to let these assholes know how much they're pissing us off.

Dj [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Preoccupied Pussy

In response to Nina Hartley's answer to Head Trips ("Probe Nina", February/March 2003), I also have to deal with extreme distraction during sex, and it drives my butch crazy. I finally found out that my being easily distracted is due to having ADD (attention deficit disorder). If you're interested in finding out more about this, I recommend the book *Driven to Distraction*. It's a very good introduction to ADD and has a chapter on ADD's effect on sexual relationships.

Andrea [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Straight Lesbians

Sometimes your magazine has something I want to see—like last month's Seana & Katie—but more often than not, it doesn't. Why does every couple on your pages have to be butch-femme? I might as well be looking at hetero porn.

Tressabelle [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Last we checked, butch-femme couples were lesbians.

Correction

We fucked up! *Voluptuous Vixens* was produced by the Good Vibes-owned company Sex Positive Productions, and not Pleasure Productions as we mistakenly printed in our April/May 2003 issue.

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com; via fax to 415.648.4705; or write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.



subscribe

phone orders call
1.877.XXX.OOBS
[1.877.999.6627]

\$34.95
one year = 6 issues

\$54.95
two years = 12 issues

\$44.95
one year, canada

\$49.95
one year,
all other countries

photography by
amy hunter

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

www.onourbacksmag.com

Viagra in a Tube

by Tristan Taormino

illustration by Fish



Researchers have come up with all sorts of gimmicks in search of an equivalent to Viagra for women. I've always been curious about the over-the-counter creams that claim to enhance sex by increasing your clitoral sensitivity, raising your sex drive, and improving your ability to achieve orgasm. None of these creams have FDA approval, but all claim to be safe and without side effects, except for pregnant women. The magical ingredient in nearly all of them is L-arginine, an amino acid that increases blood flow and circulation.

In the interest of research and plain ol' randiness, I decided to test-drive three of these topical solutions to see if frosting my coochie would really make a difference. First up was Sensitille, which set Adventure Girl back about eighty bucks for a 30-milliliter bottle. Sensitille touts itself as "all-natural" and is composed of stuff like aloe vera, shea butter, apricot kernel oil, wild yam, ginkgo, and peppermint. I tried to follow the accompanying directions, complete with a confusing diagram, which instructed me to rub a small, teardrop-sized amount on the underside of my clitoris. I deduced from my own knowledge of sexual anatomy that the cream was meant to go on the underside of my clitoral hood. All the accompanying literature warned not to put the cream on any other pussy parts.

Sensitille didn't do much for me. But to be fair, none of the creams promise perfect results, and all recommend that you apply the stuff three or more times over several days to achieve the full effect. That's because L-arginine, apparently, stays in your system for a while and has a residual effect.

At the other end of the spectrum, Viacreme lists an arsenal of nonorganic substances on its label, like propylene glycol, hydroxyethylcellulose, and methyl paraben. I found Viacreme at more stores—

and it's cheaper at \$12 for 2 milliliters. Along with the ubiquitous L-arginine, Viacreme contains another popular ingredient: menthol. The pamphlet says the menthol will deliver both warm and cool burning sensations. But it gave me pause. To me, menthol conjures up Newport Lights, Vicks Vapo Rub, and Ben Gay, none of which I am in any rush to introduce to my cunt.

But Adventure Girl thought of you, my readers, and slid my panties off. The result? I'd read elsewhere that Viacreme delivers "a vigorous tingle," but it felt more like a noticeable twinge. It started out cold, then warmed to almost hot—making me reach for my vibe.

Viacreme was the only product I tried that claims to be edible, which raises another issue: Once you put it on, does it rule out muff diving? The menthol alone is enough to scare off prospective lickers—unless they're into burning lips and hot tongues.

For \$18.95 for a 20-milliliter tube, you get a little hemp with your hump in O Clitoral Stimulating Gel. (The manufacturers added hemp seed oil for its purported moisturizing and antibacterial properties.) O also contains menthol, and the box reads, "You should feel an intense warmth for about 20 seconds" but the immediate feeling was more like a burn. Imagine holding your clit over an open flame, and you're there with me. My instinct, in fact, was to jump in the shower, but in the brochure it specifically said *not* to wash it off in the initial twenty-second period, and that doing so may in fact *increase* the discomfort. So I sat tight, and when the burn faded, a wave of warmth and arousal came over me. Blood started rushing to my cunt, and I got really turned on.

I started jerking off, but decided to wait 'till a certain someone came over to, um, assist. I ended up bringing myself to the

edge of orgasm, then backing off, then getting there again. By the time I was in the thick of sex with my sweetheart, I was so *overstimulated* that I couldn't come! I don't hold O responsible, though. It definitely worked some major mojo on me and deserves a second chance.

And what about the placebo effect? O's instructions state that "sensual stimulation is required" for the product to work. In fact, each of the products' directions clearly stated that you were supposed to rub the

when the **burn**
faded, a wave of
warmth and
arousal came
over me.

"area" in order to encourage absorption and speed the effects. So I couldn't tell if it was the stuff or the massage that turned me into a little horndog. A patient, persistent lover, a vibrator with fresh batteries, or some great oral technique can send my blood rushing to all the right places. Maybe not as quickly as menthol-laced creams, and not with the accompanying warm tingle, but nonetheless it gets my parts hot to trot. And for a fraction of the cost. **oob**

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

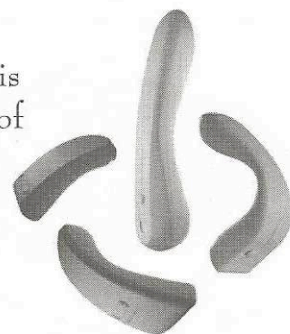
*After
a long day
at the library,
the last thing
Margaret needed
to unwind with
was a
good book.*



Candida Royalle

Happily, Margaret has discovered a much more appealing way to ease the stresses of everyday life. Her new Natural Contours personal vibrators.

Compact, quiet and elegant, this revolutionary new line of vibrators is ergonomically designed to fit the contours of a woman's body. Each of the four beautiful styles safely and privately let you explore your capacity for pleasure and bring needed relief to stressed muscles. So Margaret can face the new day relaxed, renewed and satisfied.



Take it from Natural Contours creator and erotic filmmaker Candida Royalle, "If you're a woman who wants satisfaction with taste, style and discretion, Natural Contours is your perfect choice". Experience Natural Contours for yourself. And don't miss Candida Royalle's Femme line of erotic films with a woman's touch.

Call 1-800-456 LOVE Ext. NRV2

or log on to www.natural-contours.com

for more information and also on Femme videos and DVD's.

Candida Royalle's *natural contours*™
EVERY WOMAN IS AN EROTIC WOMAN.

BLAST OFF



Pocket Rocket
\$25



**Sex Toys for A
Passionate World**

NEW YORK
94 Rivington St. 212-375-1701

SEATTLE
707 E. Pike St. 206-328-2914

www.babeland.com 800-658-9119

advice

Probe Nina



CHLOE ATKINS

Rubbed the Wrong Way

My girlfriend and I want to experience the face-to-face pleasures of tribadism, but we can't figure out a position that allows our clits to touch. We're both in our twenties, slim, and limber—any suggestions?

Sometimes tribadism sounds like more fun than it is. Depending on your physical makeup, the only way for you to bump and grind may be to scissor your legs, over-under-under-over, so you can scooch your crotches together. Unfortunately, especially since you're slim, there is more bone than flesh to rub against, which can get uncomfortable rather quickly. A better method would be to place something between your pelvises; I've used a Hitachi magic wand between clits. You'll have to experiment with toys to find the right one, since no one's yet invented a nice, cushy, silicone disc to use as a bumper. It may very well turn out that humping is more of a warm-up activity than an orgasmic activity, so just keep your expectations to the "won't this be fun!" level. Or, if you're very turned on before you start, you might both get off easier. A plus about tribadism is that you are both actively involved, which is kind of hot by itself. Keep experimenting!

Look Under the Hood

I have a small clit with a large, fleshy hood. I don't have a problem orgasming, but I am curious about what it would be like to have increased sensitivity. Would a clit piercing do the trick?

Certainly, a clit piercing would enhance your clitoral stimulation. Do your research before poking holes in your pussy, though, because there are several different placements that result in different sensations. Many women love their piercings, but I do know a few who didn't like them

and had to take them out later. Talk to friends who have one to see if it's worth the effort. In the meantime, try positions that leave plenty of room for a hand, mouth, or buzzing toy to reach your clit.

Who Da Man

I recently divorced a man and for the past month have been dating a very butch woman steadily. On our first overnight encounter, she introduced me to my first strap-on experience. I realized she was trying to show me how skilled she was and how much better she was than my ex-husband. She wants me to come more than once, so I have been faking it, just like I did with my ex. I'm attracted to assertive personalities, but how do I tell her that I need more intimacy?

There are two thing going on here: her issues about being "better" than your male partner, and your issues about expressing your needs and boundaries. You can do nothing about her competitiveness with men, but you can work on speaking up for yourself, which is the first step to self-esteem and a building block of intimacy. The fact that you have reverted to your old pattern of faking orgasms is a warning sign that you should heed. It's not the gender of your lover that is at issue here; it's your regard for yourself and how you express it. Your life has undergone huge changes recently. Therapy would not be out of order. The most important person with whom to be truly intimate, truly emotionally naked, is yourself. When you develop that skill, relations with others will be more fulfilling. Good luck!

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax: 415.648.4705; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Rim Like a Gay Boy

by Rachel Venning

Rimming, also known as anilingus, is the fine art of licking ass. Done right, rimming is pure devotion expressed through the tongue in worship of that sensitive, nerve-filled enigma: the asshole. Devotees of rimming laud the subtle pleasures and star-rocket thrills that it can offer. Gay men have long known and loved the act of rimming, and with these quick tips you too can be fast on your way to exquisite pleasure.

1. Waiting to Exhale.

Anal tension is epidemic among Americans. It may sound like a joke, but most of us walk around with a clenched asshole at all times. Most of the time we aren't even aware of our anal tension. If you let that tension go and relax your anus into a soft little puddle of flesh, your partner's velvety tongue will feel a whole lot better against it. Get your butt in the mood by breathing in deeply and squeezing your PC muscles. As you exhale, let your clenched little pucker relax. Try it a few times and notice the difference.

2. Deal with Your Shit.

The biggest obstacle to deeply satisfying oral-anal pleasure is the fear, for both parties, of encountering shit. Rather than trying to repress your concerns, a little preparation can alleviate them entirely. A

ENEMAS

An enema will go a long way toward making you feel confident about that eager tongue that's begging to lick your ass, and a simple squeeze bulb enema is not hard on the body or the psyche. Just fill it up with warm water and empty it into the rectum for a quick rinse. Release the water into the toilet, and you're all set. If possible, wait an hour or so before penetration to give your ass a chance to refresh its natural lining and to make sure all the water is gone.

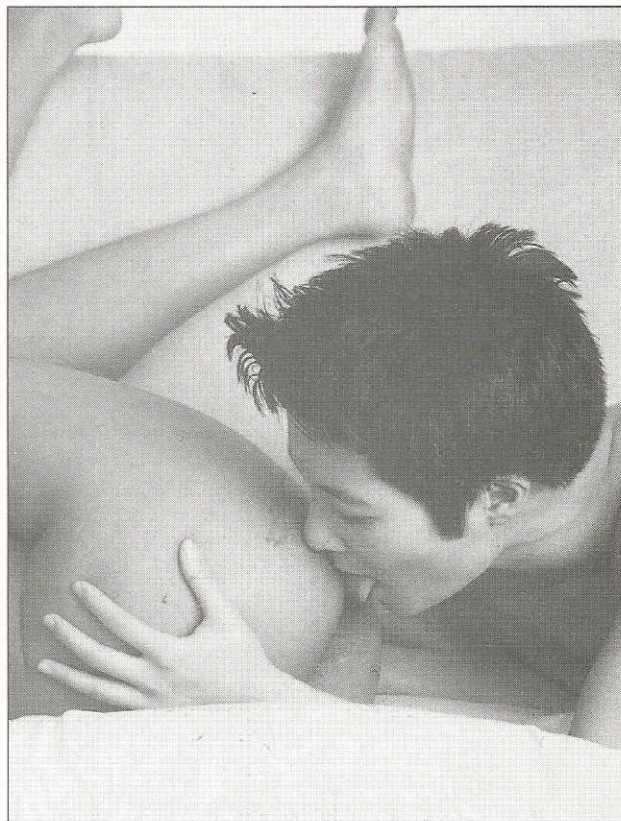
thorough cleaning will leave the anus as clean as your garden-variety vagina—and we lick that all the time! Even though tongues cannot actually probe very deep, you should shower as if they can. Hot water and a soapy finger will relax your sphincter and leave you ready to party. While you're freshening up, take time to notice how your ass is feeling. Get relaxed. Anticipate the pleasure you'll feel as a slippery warm tongue glides across all your nice clean folds. A sheet of Saran Wrap or a Glyde dam slipped between mouth and pucker will guarantee a cootie-free experience.

3. Get Cheeky.

Your tongue, lips, breath, and teeth, as well as your hands and body, can all work together to turn you into a butt-loving machine. Nibble her asscheeks and rub her thighs, butt, torso, breasts—whatever you can reach. The asshole itself is dense with nerve endings and incredibly sensitive. Don't bite too hard, but don't treat her like a porcelain doll, either. Let her feel your desire, and she'll feel more desire herself.

4. Find Your Spirit Animal.

For its size, the tongue is the strongest muscle in the body. Think of all the ways it can move. Though soft steady licks will probably become the centerpiece of your technique, don't be afraid to mix it up a bit. Circles, tight darting licks, and sinuous tongue twists will all spice things up. If your sweetie is a pig for feather-light touches behind her knees and on her feet, encourage her to wallow with a similarly light touch on her rosebud. Lap her up like a kitty with a saucer of milk, or ravish her like a dog with a bone.



5. A Path to Ecstasy.

Rimming is a more subtle pleasure than cunnilingus. While it's possible to have an orgasm from any kind of touch, rimming is not usually the fastest route to climax. Set aside goal orientation and become one with the rim job. The slow sensuous act of rimming is like a massage and can transport both people to another plane. Be one with the tongue, be one with the ass, let go of your hold on time and space and let rimming be your magic carpet ride.

6. Make It Routine.

Rimming is easily incorporated into cunnilingus. The space between the ass and the cunt, the perineum, loves to be licked, and rimming makes a good warm-up for anal penetration. If you want to fuck your lover in the ass, rimming can soften her up so that the penetration is more pleasurable. Generally, rimming is best done before anal fucking, because no matter how well you shower, fucking can drag bacteria to the outside world.

Rachel Venning is the co-founder of the sex toy shop Toys in Babeland and Web site www.babeland.com.

Chris LaBite

Young
and
Hung

photography
by
**Shawn
Tamaribuchi**

Name: Chris LaBite

Age: 21

Identity: Genderqueer

Status: Single, and curious about you!

Favorite sex toy: Good old-fashioned dildos rock it, but the thigh strap-on makes for sweet-seated viewing.

Sex act she can't live without:

Cunnilingus. There's nothing like natural lubrication!

What kind of girls she goes for: I like 'em all! Butch, curvaceous, small tits, big breasts, all-natural hair, shaved—bring it on, so long as they know what they're doing.

How does a girl catch her eye: Just ask for what you want; confidence is key. A nice ass doesn't hurt either.

How does a girl turn her off: By trying to make me jealous. It doesn't work.

What gets her going: Temptation and teasing. Make me want it so bad it aches.

Favorite spot for fucking: Bathroom. It's a classic but still exciting.

Where she likes to masturbate: In the bathtub. Have you discovered the running water from the faucet, yet?

Must-try sex act: Bondage—no pain but all the power!

Thing she can't stand: Sex that's overeager. Better to chill out and do it right. **dc**







Panties

by Dave Naz
[Goliath]

In photographer Dave Naz's sophomore book release, the only thing separating the models from their Edenic innocence is a thin pair of cotton panties. The panties are in fact the main event. Naz's women defy the glamour status quo and offer themselves up for worship with freshly scrubbed faces and hair undone, flaunting their big cotton underwear. The photographer's powers of persuasion are so well-honed that included in his collection are *Penthouse* Pets, world-renowned fetish models, and adult pinup queens who appear truly naked for the first time. Naz's vision of sex appeal is one lesbians will recognize and is a welcome contrast to mainstream sex photography.

Bottom line: pant, pant! **mg**



Best Lesbian Love Stories 2003

edited by Angela Brown
[Alyson]

The surprisingly uniform style of this sweet and often steamy anthology is more 1990s than 2003. Common themes include coffeeshops, the endangered environment, aggressive nymphets, coming out, sexy ghosts, liberal guilt, difficult relatives, and playing dress-up. You'll find nary a mention of Republicans or war—or for that matter, the Internet, cell phones, or any other development of the past ten years. Unfortunately, you also won't encounter Asian American, Latina, trans, kinky, or non-monogamous characters. Stand-outs include "This Girl," a wise and relentless tale of teenage desire in spare and skillful dialect; the unpretentious "A Few Things Out of Place," about a



woman's secret sexual awakening with her teen daughter's best friend; and "A Reckoning in Labrador," about a doctor and fisher in rural northern Canada. Erotic highlights are Betty Blue's "Heat" and Abbe Ireland's "Soul Jumper." Read it at the beach, in the bathtub, or when the news gets you stressed.

Bottom line: party like it's 1996. **mp**

Any 2 People Kissing

by Kate Dominic
[Down There Press]

If you've ever fantasized about being someone else during sex, you'll enjoy this book. Kate Dominic manages to capture a diversity of firsthand experiences from a variety of perspectives: tranny bois, bi-curious couples, steamy softball-playing lesbians, raunchy slave-girls hungry for cock (sometimes real, sometimes silicone), gay male leather daddies, and more. As the author says in the intro, this collection of stories "blur the lines where genders and orientations blend and cross." Convincing characters and imaginative stories make this a sizzling anthology guaranteed to get you off, no matter what your preferences may be. Though if your favorite flavor is vanilla, you may want to look elsewhere.

Bottom line: any one reader will like. **mm**



Best Women's Erotica 3

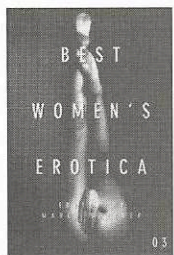
edited by Marcy Sheiner
[Cleiss Press]

Best Women's Erotica 3 offers the latest from well-known authors such as Cecilia Tan, Alison Tyler, and Celia O'Toole. Story styles range from burning quickies such as "Bad Girl" by

Alison Tyler to long, drawn-out tales like Ann Dulaney's "Betty," which creates a build in intensity for the reader that parallels the character's arousal level. A few pieces dragged on so much

that I skipped to the good parts, but the scenarios and characters are diverse and well-drawn for the most part. The authors allow their characters to experience a wide range of emotions within their sexual and erotic relationships. Most of the stories take place in the land of hetero-fucking, so those of us mainly interested in lesbian erotica may want to pass on this one.

Bottom line: straight, not narrow. **sq**



We advise changing your *Panties* at least once a day.

The Lesbian Sex Book, Second Edition

by Wendy Caster, revised and updated by Rachel Kramer Bussel
[Alyson]

The first edition of this book left quite a bit to be desired for the modern sexually active dyke. But Rachel Kramer Bussel has fixed all that in her updated and expanded edition. Wendy Caster's original target audience was "a fairly conservative woman who perhaps decided in her mid-forties to explore

these feelings she'd been having since she was a teen...someone who would appreciate a sex book that wasn't too edgy." The second edition offers much more to the experienced lesbian, as well as still being useful to the newbie. Many topics have been added, including, but not limited to: sex clubs, tantric sex, online dating, cyber-sex, transgenderism, and transsexualism. As in the first edition, the topics are arranged alphabetically, making it easy to look up subjects. Many beautiful black and white photos have been added as well.

Bottom line: we second this addition. **mm**

Best Lesbian Erotica 2003

edited by Tristan Taormino
[Cleis]

From the hip-hop clubs of New York to street markets in Haiti, this year's *Best Lesbian Erotica* encompasses an array of queer identities, sex, scenarios, and settings. One of the hottest stories in this collection, Rosalind Christine Lloyd's

"Cop-Out," lets the reader ride shotgun with a black butch stud named Troi in search of ghetto-fabulous "straight" girls. Others, like Kate Dominic's "Cinderella's Shoes," ignore issues of class, race, and politics and

are fluffy, sugar-spun escapist tales fit for those who like their erotica as light as cotton candy. For those who wonder what it would be like to fuck a solemn historical figure, Julie Levin Russo's "Elizabeth" conjures a story of sweaty Renaissance sex. Nominated for a Lambda Literary Award in the erotica category, Cleis's latest collection should have no problem bagging the prize.

Bottom line: zesty lesbian exotica. **mg**

review staff [read.it, try.it, + click.it]

dc . Diana Cage
ag . Adriana Gordon
ch . Cara Herbitter
mg . Myriam Gurba

mm . Marie McAllister
mp . Marissa Pareles
jp . Jen Phillips
sq . Saira Quereshi

FEELDOE®

A Silicone Strapless Double
Contoured to Fit
Comfortably and Pleasurably

With Soft Ridges for Your
Driving Partner's Pleasure



Silicone
Smart
Safe
Sexy

A New Concept in Adult Toys
Invented and Patented by a Woman
Brought to You by

"It looks a bit strange and we were skeptical at first, but the pleasure that this toy delivers for both parties involved (its also great for solo play!) exceeds anything that we have ever tested." JT's Stockroom

"Magic." Good Vibrations

Tantus
INC

Wholesale Info 719.391.4200 or sales@tantussilicone.com www.TantusSilicone.com



the lexington club ★ San Francisco's fulltime lesbo bar

Cum enjoy Pornocopia, a Pride Party for Porn Stars, Perverses & Possibles
Thursday, June 26th 9pm-2am ★ Hosted by drag king eXXXtrodinaire Rusty Nips
Check out The Lexington Club during SF's Pride Week, June 21-29 ★ special events, drink specials, dj's & more
call for a menu of pride week events ★ 415-863-2052 ★ never a cover ★ 3464 19th St near Valencia

Natural Flavored Lubricants

[O'My, \$13.95]

I love sweets as much as I love never-ending sex. Thankfully, O'My has made flavored lubes that actually taste good *and* last forever. And I do mean forever. The morning after, even post-shower, my cooch still smelled like a strawberry cheesecake. Tastewise, I was ready to gulp the pucker-up passion fruit, boogie blueberry cheesecake, and kinky kiwi-strawberry flavors straight from the tube, but the pina colada and non-fat decaf cappuccino made me want to spit rather than swallow. Even the bad-tasting varieties didn't give me a yeast infection, stain my 350-thread count sheets, or turn off my vegan, non-glycerin-eating partner.

Bottom line: taste the rainbow. **jp**

Venus Silicone Dildo

[Fun Factory, \$27.99]

In addition to soaps, vases, and casserole molds, the Goddess of Love is now available in the form of a dildo. I'm not sure Fun Factory was the first to think of such a thing, however I would bet my Willendorf dick that this is the softest, most hypoallergenic, well-designed, non-sticky, and reasonably priced goddess-cock on the market. Just like my favorite girl-type this gem has curves in all the right places. A good partner will



work the bumps and grooves, teasing you into a total frenzy. At seven and a half inches she can tickle those hard-to-reach places during the *long* and bumpy ride.

Bottom line: bow down before her! **ag**

Sexy Slave Kit

[Sportsheets, \$30]

Say you're a nice girl who wants be naughty but the BDSM gear at your local leather shop looks uncomfortable and pricey. You're in luck with this line of nylon bondage kits by Sportsheets. My personal favorite, the Sexy Slave Kit, includes four adjustable cuffs for ankles/wrists with Velcro closures and 44"-long connectors, a feather tickler, and a blindfold. It's portable, the cuffs are soft and fuzzy, and the simple design makes me look smooth without having to know any fancy Girl Scout tricks. Just be sure to tie your knots tightly or double them up, as nylon can be slippery.

Bottom line: for knotty novices. **ch**

Devil Girl Pack

[Toys in Babeland, \$42]

Getting this gift pack was like Christmas in July. Inside the shiny, red box was a flexible Waterproof Nubby G-Dildo, a bullet-shaped Red Zinger Vibe, batteries, and a lube sampler pack including eight water-based and silicone lubes—all wrapped up with a



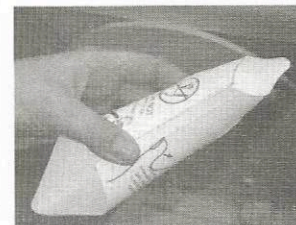
Toys in Babeland sticker and a bow. I loved everything—although the Zinger Vibe has the power of a jackhammer. After a couple of minutes of using it, my clit went numb. The fragrance and odor-free Eros brand lube was my favorite since it doesn't dry out or get sticky. And the flexible, Nubby G-Dildo is curved just right to hit the good spots.

Bottom line: packed by angels. **mm**

Magic Cone

[Magic Cone, \$4.99]

Think about all the places you've been—gay bars, street fairs, camping—where you really, really wish you could pee standing up. Now you can! Just whip out your disposable, paper Magic Cone and take charge. These are absolutely brilliant, with only one minor drawback: I had to pull my (tight) jeans



down pretty far in order to get the cup in the right place. This left my ass hanging out in the breeze and me feeling pretty vulnerable. If you are less slutty than me and lean toward the baggy look, you won't have this problem.

Bottom line: magic pricks. **dc**

click.it

Stevedietgoedde.com

Steve Diet Goedde has garnered the admiration and respect of pervs and art critics alike through his glamorous and sometimes whimsical photographs of the international fetish scene. While his two critically acclaimed photo collections are now out of print, his work can still be enjoyed through his official Web site, Stevedietgoedde.com. His Web site offers samplings of his most recent work with neo-burlesque stars like Dita Von Teese and archives of earlier work featuring classic sets with models like Gina Velour. **mg**



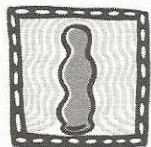
Bound for glory

Beautybound.com

To the delight of bondage enthusiasts everywhere, Fetish Diva Midori has launched her own Web site. Beauty Bound is a stylish, sleek, and elegant site that showcases Midori's expertise in the art of Japanese rope bondage. Through knots and cord, she immobilizes her sinewy victims with exquisite precision. Beauty Bound features galleries of hand-picked women incapacitated by the Diva, mouth-wateringly posed like rag dolls. Midori's attention to detail, crisp style, and deep love of bondage make Beautybound.com a truly unique and sexy site. **mg**

Toeandarch.com

While foot fetishists will surely have their fancy tickled by Toeandarch.com, fans of site-owner Christine Kessler's sleek fetish and erotic photography should also have a look. The idea is simple: sexy girls in stockings, heels, and glamorous shoes. The site is easy to navigate and features female models ranging in style from *Penthouse* Pets to bald-headed Asian beauties. Heavy and explicit, Toe and Arch mixes foot fetishism with bondage, glamour, and XXX sex. There are dozens of models on this site whose diverse and unique looks are far outside typical beauty, giving the site a refreshing look. **mg**



come
as you are

Canada's largest selection of

SEX TOYS & GEAR

BOOKS, VIDEOS & DVDS

SAFE, SLIPPERY & SENSUAL STUFF

online catalogue!

www.comeasyouare.com

toll-free 1-877-858-3160

WORKER OWNED & OPERATED! | PAPER CATALOGUE AVAILABLE

SUPER SLIPPERY

Longer lasting, never sticky
and 100% latex safe.

ORDER TODAY ON
ErosUSA.com

pjur
Woman

super concentrated
BODYGLIDE
fragrance free • Latex safe
Made in Germany

**Pjur Eros Woman
IS NOW
Pjur Woman!**

BE SURE IT'S PJUR

Look for the Pjur mark and feel
confident that you are getting
genuine Pjur products.

pjur[®]

Personal Pleasure Products

Made in Germany

CELEBRATING WOMEN'S SEXUALITY IN A
COZY, COMFORTABLE ENVIRONMENT

Good For Her



"Celebrating Women's Sexuality"

Find
high quality
vibrators,
dildos, books,
art and
more

call for your femail-order catalogue!

Toronto, Canada
(416) 588-0900

toll free 1-877-588-0900

www.goodforher.com



left to their own devices

sex is good.

sex with toys from **early**
to bed is even better!



- 100% lesbian-owned
- great toys
- amazing service

mistress \$45

www.early2bed.com

toll-free 866-585-2bed

early to bed

5232 N Sheridan, Chicago

Live and Memorex

by Greta Christina

So there's this weird thing happening in lesbian video smut. It's getting harder to tell whether the tape you're watching is an authentic, by-lesbian-for-lesbian, transgressive reclaiming thing, or a fake, exploitative, male-appropriation-of-our-sexuality piece of mainstream trash. The line between the two is so blurry sometimes, that if you skip the dorkwad phone sex ads in the mainstream tapes, you might not be able to tell which is live and which is Memorex. Some may find this trend unsettling. I think it's pretty darned cool. Here's a few examples.

Full Load

dir. Barbara DeGenevieve
[Fatale Video, 2003]

Butches, bois, FTMs, even a few femmes populate this compilation of scenes from the popular dyke porn Web site sssspread.com. It's being distributed by Fatale Video, the by-dyke-for-dyke video smut company that pretty much started us all down this path of sin. (Me, anyway; my first smut appearance was in a Fatale video). And *Full Load* does a fine job of upholding the Fatale family tradition. There's lots of twists on expectations, and I don't just mean the gender identity stuff.

There's the femme top who stays on top while she's getting fucked; the butches who keep their strap-ons strapped while they're getting fucked. The camera keeps focus on faces and body language while it still gives you a good look at the goodies. And although the energy is uneven, it's mostly pretty high—fun and entertaining at least, passionate and electric at most.

To be honest, *Full Load* didn't quite yank up my skirt and shove its hand between my

legs. But that's probably because I'm not that into butches (with a few exceptions, and you know who you are). I'm usually good at telling when a video is tasty, though, even when it's not sending current down my personal wires. And I can tell, this is a tasty video.

Bottom line: butch and FTM fans, load up.

San Francisco Lesbians 9

dir. Cynthia Martin
[Pleasure Productions, 2003]

The thing is, this big-distributor tape doesn't look radically different from *Full Load*. There's no out trannies, but there's lots of butches, some of them pretty damn hardcore; plus there are big women and



small-titted women and older women. Like *Full Load*, it's rather uneven; but the unevenness ranges from "reasonably fun" to "yowsa," emphasis on the "yowsa." And it's "yowsa" for the same reason *Full Load* is:

enthusiasm and passion, intensity and fun, real dykes having a really good time. It was even made by a female director, with an all- (or mostly-all-) female crew. In a way, the only difference between a video like this and a video like *Full Load* is who's putting up the money and doing the distribution. Not that that's an irrelevant question. But if that's not an issue for you, then go nuts.

Bottom line: more butches, mostly "yowsa."

San Francisco Lesbian Bondage Club 3

dir. Cindy Martin
[Dungeon Video, 1998]

What is it with these "San Francisco" videos? Even the cheesiest mainstream producers—and both Pleasure Productions and Dungeon Video have produced some cheesy-ass videos—seem to get inspired by the sexual playground by the Bay. Like *SF Lesbians 9*, this video is a plotless wonder, with the production values



of a high school play. But whoever did the casting was obviously paying zero attention to standard porn chickies, and loads of attention to enthusiastic women skilled with the kink. They look like lesbians—there's a lovely variety of body types—and more importantly, they act like lesbians, seriously nasty lesbians, wailing on one another with energy and joy, with styles that range from sweet to ferocious. Hecka fun—and impossible to tell from homegrown.

Bottom line: energetic, no-frills dyke kink.

Gallery Erotica

dir. Alpha, Kurt Hardy
[Passion Fruit, 2002]

Now, this is a weird one. It's an independent by-women-for-women production that almost seems like it's trying to look like mainstream porno. It certainly has many of mainstream porno's common flaws. The acting is stiff and awkward, and the music is that grating, repetitive synth-schlock. And with a few exceptions, the outfits are cheesier than a Wisconsin picnic.

But *Gallery Erotica* does have a certain quality going for it. I know that when it comes to describing porn, *sensual* is often a code word for *boring*.

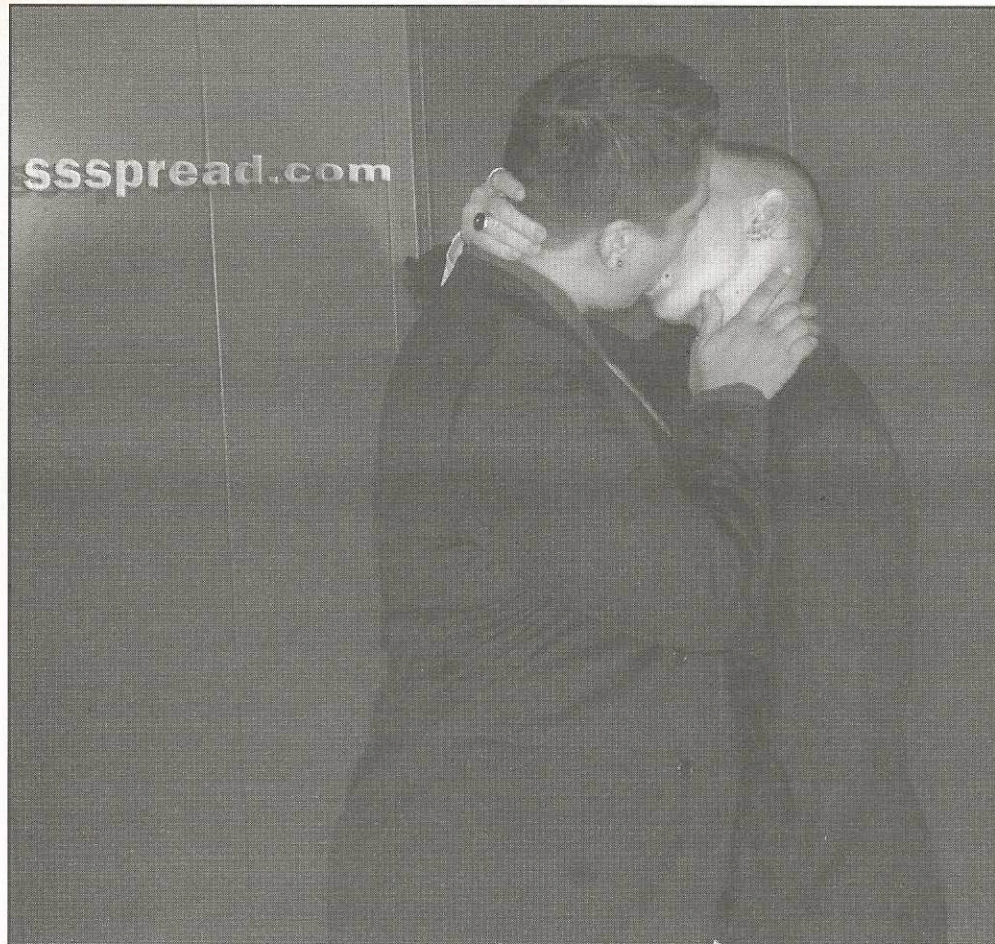
But *sensual* is exactly what this video is, and at least some of the time, it wasn't boring at all. The sex scenes—the good ones, anyway—have a slow pace, a gradual buildup to the nastier bits, with lots of foreplay and a feel that's, well, real. The setups to the sex scenes are fake, fake, fake, but the sex itself feels more like real sex between real couples than most porn, even a lot of by-dyke-for-dyke porn. Some of it does suck. (The kink scene, for instance, is basically vanilla sex with a few kinky trappings.) But if you're sick of porn that races to the fucking like its ass was on fire, you might have a good time with this one.

Bottom line: mixed bag, good for foreplay fans.

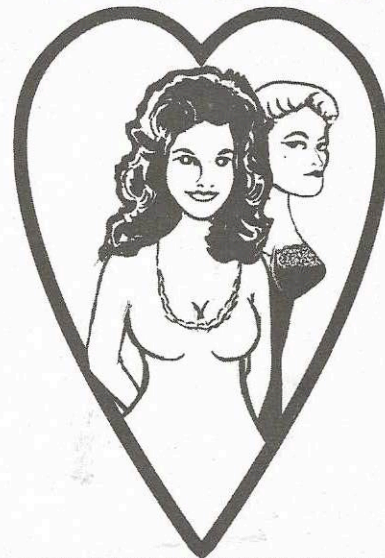


Greta Christina is currently writing an erotic novella.

ssspread.com



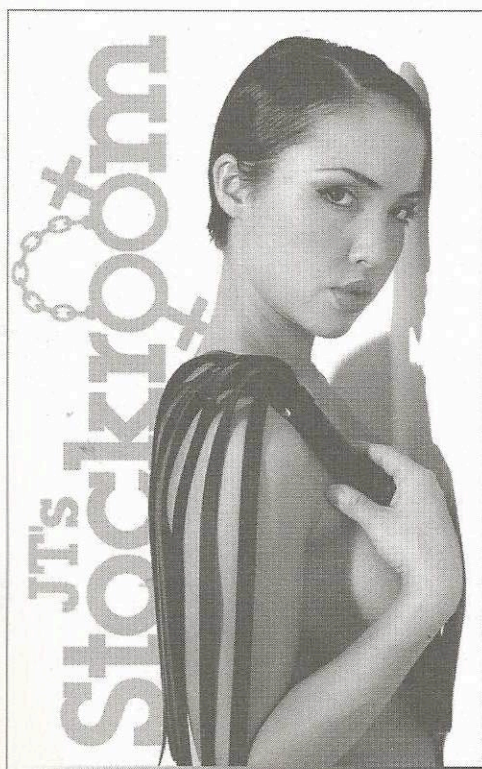
Lesbian Videos



Sofey



Tara

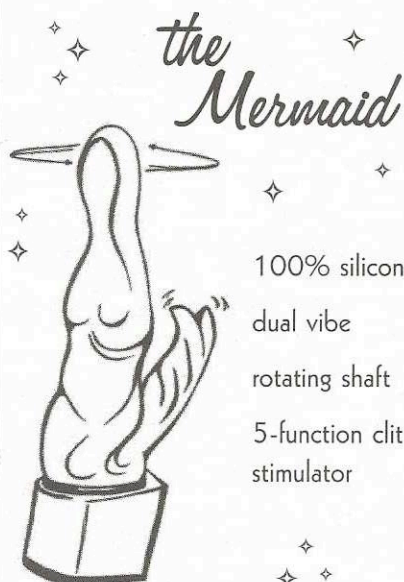


Quality Gear at Affordable Prices
www.stockroom.com

For photo catalog, send \$3.00 to:
JT's Stockroom
2140 Hyperion Ave, Dept BK
Los Angeles, CA 90027
1-800-755-TOYS

VENUS ENVY

a store for women and the people who love them



100% silicone
dual vibe
rotating shaft
5-function clitoral
stimulator

mention this ad and receive a
FREE SILICONE TOY
with your order

to order 1.877.370.9288
www.venusenvy.ca

110 parent avenue, ottawa • 613.789.4646
1598 barrington street, halifax • 902.422.0004

Girlfriends Films

girlfriendsfilms.com

p.o. box 260512
Encino, CA 91426

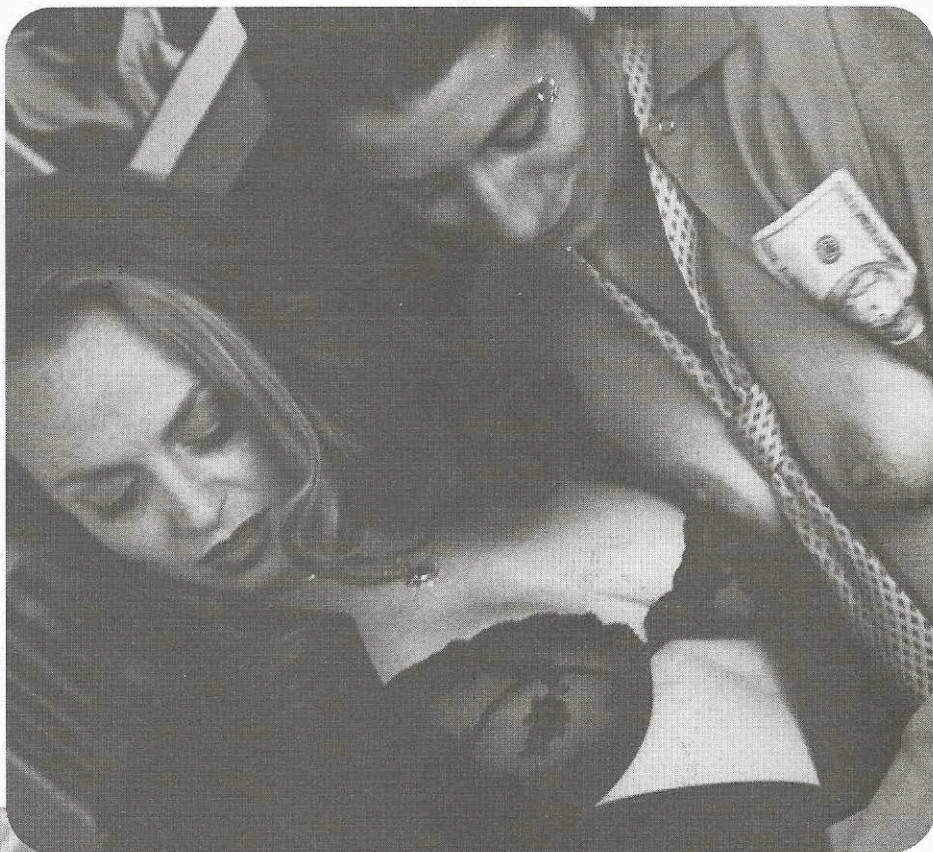


ecstasy **DELIVERS**

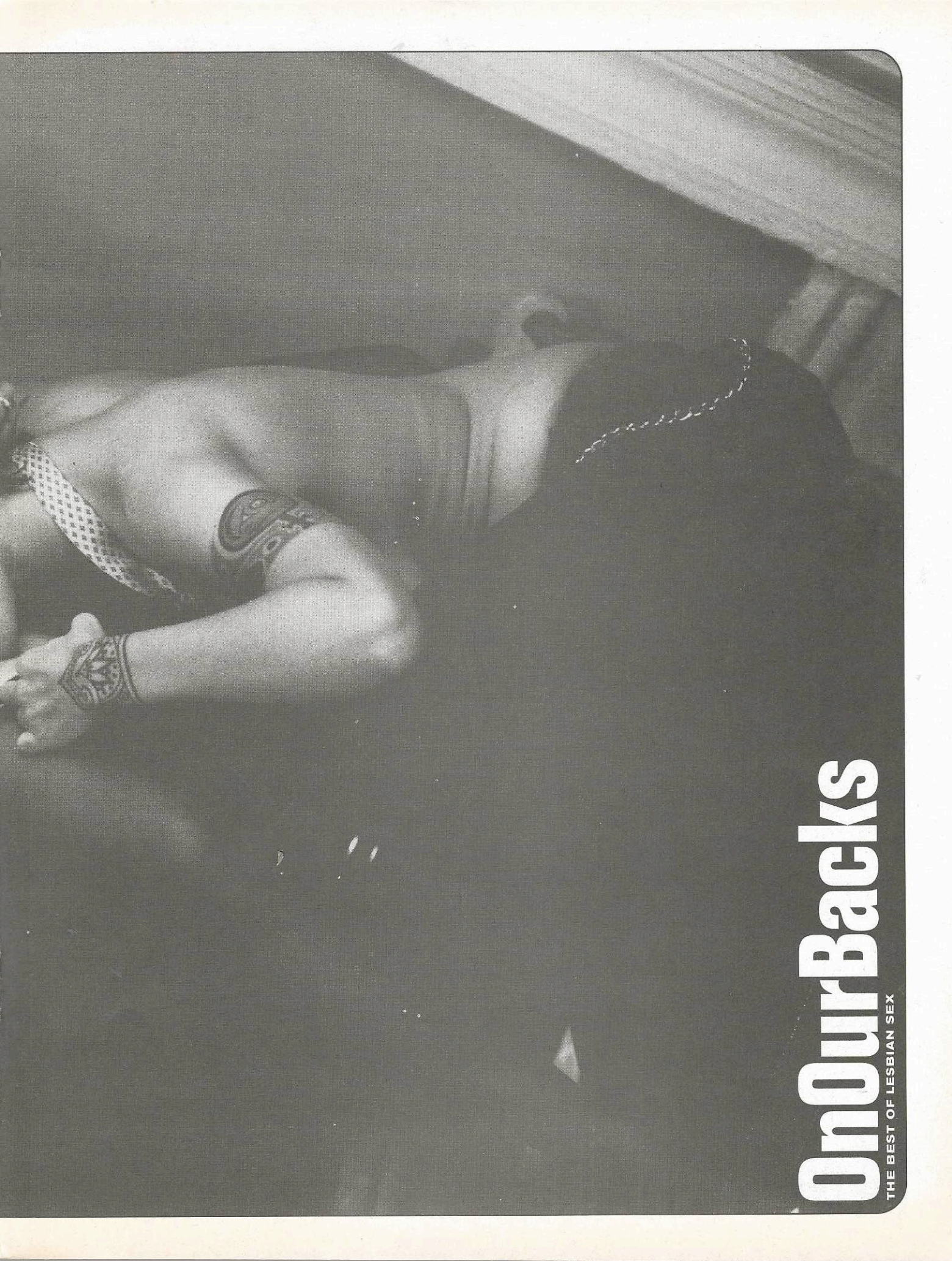
Ava gets off by shopping online

photography by Michele Serchuk

Ava exchanged a few brief but flirtatious e-mails with the owner of an antique vibrator she'd won on eBay, and was looking forward to getting it in the mail. Former vibrator-owner Lesley, however, wanted to take their flirtation a little further. Since they lived in the same city, Lesley donned a delivery uniform, and showed up at Ava's apartment with the coveted toy in hand. The horny femme was so excited by her new toy's handsome carrier that she couldn't help but say yes to a little post-shopping nookie. Now Ava can definitely say that online shopping has made her life more exciting. **dc**







OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX





SEX BY THE STARS

Michelle Tea tells you what the Zodiac says about your sexual kinks.

Illustration by
Erika Lopez



ARIES (March 21 – April 20)

You know those talk shows where crying women testify to how they were swindled by some hunky dude who moved in, cleaned 'em out, and took off? Odds are that mooching dreamboat was an Aries. The infant of the zodiac, these characters bask in "the miracle of me"—they're in love with themselves, and it's a fairly monogamous affair. Commitment is hard, because it's just so painful for them not to feel like masters of their own destinies. So Aries like to rut out stabler folks—not hard to find—and pay them back for paying their rent with bunches of inventive, fired-up, and playful sex. Tons of it. Of course, they're no doubt placing personal ads in the meantime, so you best be a player yourself or a writer looking for unrequited-love material.

TAURUS (April 21 – May 20)

How do these homebodies manage to hook up? Well, they leave their cozy abodes long enough to snare a date. Then they bring her home and never leave again. It's not that

Tauruses are boring or agoraphobic; they love to party—many are cheerful alcoholics—they just like doing it at their place. These earthy animals like to have sex on a regular basis, so they like to be in steady relationships. Though they are drawn to the idea of multiple fuck-buddies, it's hard, because they don't appreciate the instability that goes along with promiscuity. They're likely to play along until their feelings are completely hurt—and then freak out on you.

GEMINI (May 21 – June 21)

Geminis are totally exquisite creatures. They're sexy, they have good fashion, they're like magical little lust elves from a brainy fairyland. Good luck catching them. They're elusive as fuck and excellent at sending mixed messages. Don't worry: you're not crazy, they are. But crazy often equals genius, and their magnetic pull can keep you chasing the buggers for years. Years! And that's exactly what they disdain: availability, enthusiasm, persistence. It

smacks of desperation to them. Geminis do shack up, but their critical eye dismisses most suitors. If you're the big winner, plan on providing the stability these flickering freaks need—while matching them quirk for quirk, lest they get terribly bored and gracelessly dump you.

CANCER (June 22 – July 22)

I hope you really, really like your Cancer plaything. I hope you like your Cancer so darn much you've gotten her name branded on your ass because it will be almost impossible for you to break up with her once you're involved. Cancers are hella deep and squishy and they don't let people in easily. If they do, you must be soooooo special. Sex is meaningful, communication is meaningful, you're meaningful, they're meaningful. This shit is serious. Being with these tenacious, cautious folks is like joining a secret society. You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave. Hopefully you won't want to.

LEO (July 23 – Aug. 22)

Libras rule marriage, Scorpios rule labia piercing. But Leos rule love. Lust personified and wicked dramatic, Leos are prepared to perform their love for you—provided you understand that it is your job to just worship the fuck out of them. Your time tangoing with a Leo, be it a one-night stand or LTR, will be intensely cinematic, an arty short film, or a made-for-Lifetime miniseries with crashes, peaks, swells, gusts, and a K-Tel soundtrack. You must at least appreciate this, if not actively participate, and please don't try to outdo them. Leos run the show, even if it's topping from the bottom, but they reward your generosity and loyalty. Leos perform in bed (as well as everywhere else), and a shy or unresponsive partner will not only cause them to lose interest, it will provoke snarls. Soon the whole town will know what a lousy lay you are, as Leos tend to be popular motormouths.

VIRGO (Aug. 23 – Sept. 22)

Don't hurl yourself at the Virgos. Maybe if you are the first person to pursue them, ever, they may find it intellectually stirring. But Virgos above the age of eighteen will have already experienced some lovestruck simpleton hanging around, and any echo of that will just make them feel stalked. But what are they doing all locked up in their apartments? They are developing computer software, or studying ancient Chinese poetry, or plotting how to change the world. They have fantastic, quirky brains, and are often easy on the eye. Like Geminis, Virgos are ruled by spazzy Mercury, but they don't send mixed messages. They simply ignore you or criticize you. They're not trying to be assholes, they're just honest, and shouldn't everyone be more honest? They basically want to be topped by someone as smart and righteous as themselves.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 – Oct. 22)

Libras are in love with love. A Libra artist I know has an ongoing project doling out unconditional love to strangers on the Internet. Another was recently poised to move to another city to be with a girl she met briefly on vacation. (The girl drew her a scented bath and served her raspberries.) These folks are shopping for a ball and chain, and it better be a really pretty ball and chain. Libras are not slutty for the sake of slutting around, but as a means of finding true love. If you spark their rather broad

interests they'll take you home, but if they don't like your sneakers, you may never see them again. Libras like to beautify all around them, and that includes you, so don't be too attached to your hairdo.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 – Nov. 21)

The star-fucker of the zodiac, Scorpio doesn't bed famous women simply to scoot another notch up the social totem pole. Rather, power makes her hot. And by power I don't mean the obvious, like suits or uniforms. (Though a few twisted Scorpios are total boss and cop-fuckers.) No, our Scorpios go for girls who possess a personal power that they would like to have themselves. More than other signs, these gals have the "opposites attract" thing going on, with chaotic Scorpios bedding down with nurturers and repressed Scorpios flinging themselves at high-energy, exuberant types. Once they've shared their depths with you they like to keep you around, so long as you complement their stormy selves.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 – Dec. 22)

Don't make yourself too available. These guys are super competitive and like to wear themselves out a little chasing you around. Sags like to be A-number-one, the best at everything: best kisser, best humper, best butt-licker. To that end, they'll give their all. And as long as you regularly assure them that they totally rule, they will be faithful, fun dates. They're naturally restless, so non-monogamy suits them. (But Sags are total klutzes, so you're bound to get your feelings hurt, just by accident.) If monogamous, they must be allowed to flirt. Jealousy will not make them feel sexy and owned, it will make them feel smothered and edgy. It's also against their ethics, and Sags are wicked ethical. Their passion for smarts approaches the fetishistic, so be well-read and knowledgeable about philosophy and religious stuff.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 – Jan. 19)

I know of a Capricorn girl who made a list of the qualities her next girlfriend must possess. Among "stable" and "funny" was "must ride a motorcycle" and "must be in a band." I thought these requests were sort of narrow, but fuck if her next girlfriend wasn't the motorcycle-riding leader of an established rock band. Now they're married. Capricorns' desires stem from a deeply emotional, passionate place in the cave of

their hearts where intense sex and cosmic sadness share a bed. Ideally you would be showering your Capricorn with gifts: gold jewelry if you got a trust fund, hand-crafted offerings if you're broke. These women have standards, so if you're not gainfully employed you'd better have something else meaningful going on, like oil painting or community activism. These high standards extend to her bed as well, though chances are she won't prep you. You'll know you've flunked when you never hear from her again.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 – Feb. 18)

Aquarius would love to fuck you, but she's got to find her body first. She would love to fuck you because she just doesn't have any hang-ups about sex and is super 1969 freaked-out on acid about the whole thing. She would love to fuck you because she thinks that if you have seen her bizarre outfits and want to get it on than you must be a really great person, and Aquarians only fuck really great people. Bad people are bad and the least we can all do is sexually boycott them. But then, bad people are just human and maybe Aquarius will see in their lousy personalities a glimmer of cosmic humanity and fuck them anyway. Aquarius is not a tramp. She is so totally over all of your weird labels. For real. She is sincere and will have like whatever kind of bonkers pervy sex you would like to have. She just has to find her body first.

PISCES (Feb. 19 – March 20)

Fire up the bong, dude. Pisces love to float around on the downy wings of a love that is forever new, new, new. These escapists can plunge into the deepest of love, fully present, fully dedicated, all about you, because they might like their OxyContin, but love is the drug they're really thinking of. Of course, like all things gorgeous and illusory, your love may not survive the blinding daylight of employment, other people, or whatever bumner arises to harsh the mellow. If you manage to score one, just enjoy the wild, sweet ride and try not to get attached. Even though you look good up on that pedestal, you will fall, and the crash of the Pisces love hangovers are as brutal as the week after a speed binge.

Michelle Tea is the author of *Passionate Mistakes*, *Valencia*, and *The Chelsea Whistle*.



beth ditto

The punk
goddess
shoots her
mouth off.

interview by
Cara Herbitter

photography by
Freddie Fagula

Beth Ditto, the twenty-one-year-old lead singer of The Gossip—a punk-meets-gospel band from Olympia, Washington—has been making waves not only for her incredible talent and sex appeal, but for being an outspoken, fat, queer femme in an industry that loves thin, straight girls. With her panty-soaking performances—Ditto is known for ripping off her dress and diving into the mosh pit—and lyrics praising the wonders of girl-on-girl sex, she's been pushing people's buttons and in our case, all the right ones. The singer's southern brand of sex appeal quickly destroys the MTV-fed notion that sexy means skinny. In anticipation of The

Gossip's third album, *Movement*, due out this June, **On Our Backs** talked with Ditto about singing, being a fat-activist, a sex symbol, and loving her body.

On Our Backs: You've said that, before you're a dyke, you're fat.

Beth Ditto: Before I knew what gay was, or what femme was, I knew I was fat. That's the first way I remember feeling different from other people and knowing that something was wrong, well, other than being a girl.

OOB: Were kids mean?

BD: Well, yeah, but I think it helped that I adopted really good role models. I've

always loved Miss Piggy. She's the ultimate high femme. She's a total fox, she's assertive, and knows what she wants. That, and singing, that is what saved me in school.

OOB: When did you start singing?

BD: I don't remember ever not singing. I sang all the time around the house. In fact, my sister used to yell at me, "Shut up, I'm going to kill you."

OOB: (laughing) I bet she doesn't say that now.

BD: Yes, she does, actually. She still yells and tells me to shut up. I guess because I still do it all the time out of habit.

OOB: How big is your family?

BD: Six kids in all. There's three boys and three girls. There were three older than me, and two younger than. I was the middle girl, fourth child down.

OOB: Did you have any queer role models growing up?

BD: Ellen [DeGeneres] was all I knew of gay females. And I had one mysterious long lost aunt, who was supposedly gay, and I always thought about her. She lives in Michigan now. Which is why, secretly, I love Missy Elliot and Queen Latifah. I want Missy Elliot to be gay so bad. She is so hot. Oh, Missy. And Queen Latifah, I hear, is totally queer.

OOB: Have you met them?

BD: Oh no! I haven't met them. But I know someone that says that they went to this queer hip-hop club in New York, and Queen Latifah walked through the door with another big butch on her side, and behind them were two high, high, high femmes. I don't even care if that story is true; I like to hold on to it.

OOB: Have you always been such a sexy dresser?

BD: No. I had my brief teenage baby-dyke phase. I was anti-makeup, anti-skirt, anti-long hair even. I was trying to prove a point to this shitty small town in Arkansas, in the Bible Belt. But I grew out of it.

OOB: So when did you embrace femme?

BD: I was twenty when I first heard the word *femme*. I was taking my time getting ready to go out and the girl I was dating was bitching at me about it. She hated that I wore makeup. My roommate looked at my girlfriend and joked, "Femmes, man, I tell you." As soon as I heard her say the word, I went, "*Bing!* Oh, oh, oh! That's why I'm different." I really enjoy makeup and doing my hair. One of my favorite parts of the day is when it takes me an hour to do my hair and makeup. And suddenly there was a name to put on it even, and I thought, "Whoa, shit, this gets better all the time."

OOB: Do you think the queer community more readily accepts different body types?

BD: Well, I hear a lot of talking, and I don't see a lot of action. I don't see everyone dating fat people. There is talk about body issues in my community, but that's maybe more of a punk thing, because there's a very political side of punk.

OOB: What does it mean to you to be punk?

BD: For me, punk means to not only appreciate art and the individual, but to see the ways in which art can change things. Punk says that capitalism is fucked up and understands the power of art to bring it down. Punk is no rules. There are no rules to art; there are no rules to my body; there are no rules to how to live your life. There are no rules to how to appreciate or love people. And punk equals a huge community of people like me that call themselves punk. I even believe that punk means there are no rules to how you look. But also, that you must have total respect for everyone else.

OOB: Do you still get Britney Spears-type images in the punk community?

BD: Definitely. I've seen bands make it huge after six months because they had a trendy, skinny, white, girl singer. It would never happen if that girl was fat, or if that girl wasn't white. Or if that girl were queer! Oh my god. I get really mad at bands who say they don't want to be pigeonholed as a

members of The Gossip have issues that we feel strongly about. It just so happens that I'm the one singing, and so my issues—being fat and queer and femme—get addressed more. One of the worst shows ever was with Sonic Youth in 2000. We had just gotten off tour with Sleater-Kinney and we were excited about doing a really amazing show, but the crowd was shitty. They were really gross and fat-phobic and yelling things like, "Show me your tits!" But it doesn't hurt my feelings because I know someone is learning from it.

OOB: What's your favorite body part?

BD: I like my stomach, and I like my feet, and I like everything, but I think my favorite part of my body is my butt.

OOB: What do you think is sexy about being fat?

BD: Sexy? Everything! It's something to hold onto. You know the term *love handles*? It's so true. It's something to hold onto and squeeze, and it feels good, and it's warm,

"all the members of **the gossip** have issues that we feel strongly about. It just so happens that I'm the one singing, and so my issues—**being fat and queer and femme**—get addressed more."

queer band. I have never been so proud to be a queer band.

OOB: Do you do any formal fat activism? I know you spoke on a panel about body image during Ladyfest last year.

BD: I tried to do panels and it didn't work for me. It's truly an art to be on a panel and I don't have the quick wit that it takes. I like to think about my answers for too long and I have a hard time calling people on their shit.

OOB: But people on panels can't necessarily get up on stage and belt out music like you can.

BD: Nomy Lamm [lead singer of The Need] can do it! It's a talent I don't have. But I live my life as an activist, and I feel like my music is like totally about activism. All the

and it's totally kissable. It's wonderful. Fat is wonderful. Everyone should touch it. Seriously I want all of my friends to squeeze my fat. Please, touch it, feel it, it's no big deal. That's another thing that's really awesome about being fat, if you're into the affection thing, that your friends want to lie on you a lot.

OOB: What advice would you give to other fat queer women?

BD: For one, don't think that just because you're queer it's any easier. For two, love yourself and don't take any shit. And let other people love you, because I think that is the hardest part. For me, it was harder for me to let people love me than it was for me to love myself. That is my advice. And fight, fight, fight. **oob**

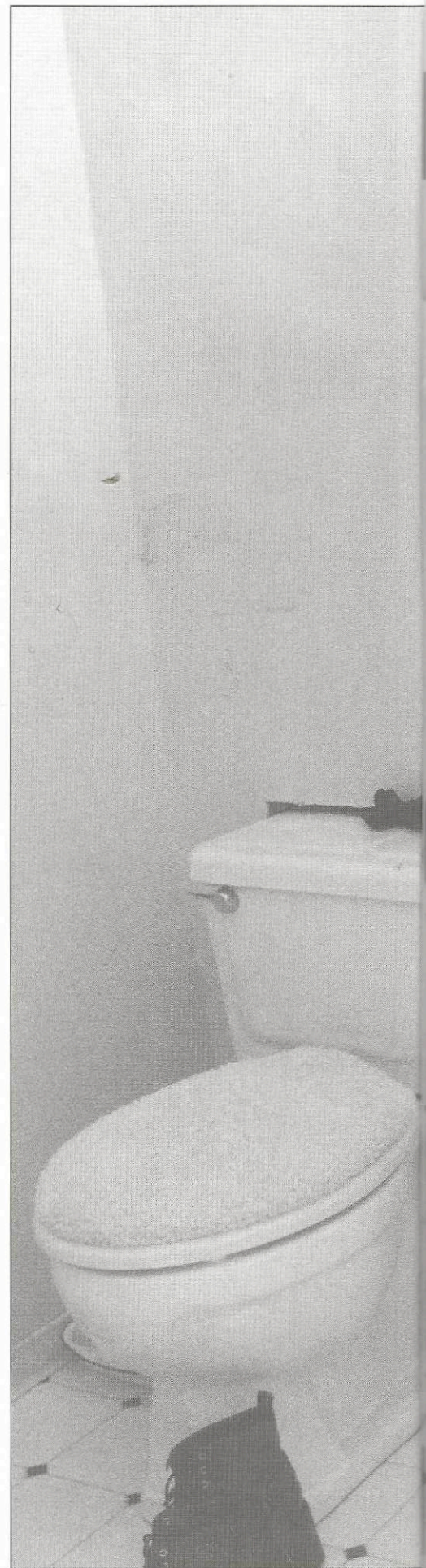


Beth
Ditto
did it here,
6/2003

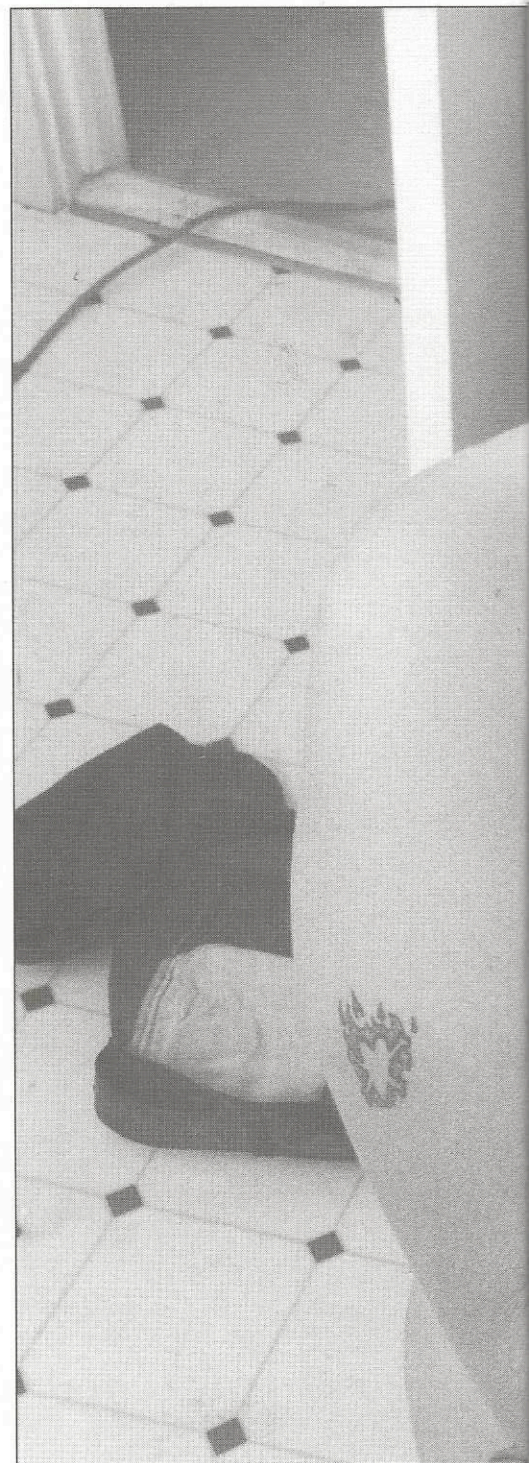
The Gossip's lead singer Beth Ditto rocks our world. But we never dreamed she wanted to pose for On Our Backs! Her drag king boyfriend Freddie Fagula helped fulfill both our fantasies on film. **dc**

photography by
Rebecca McBride













LUV OF A FILIPINA BUTCH

by **Morningstar Vancil**

illustration by **Deon Allen**

She was my childhood sweetheart from our hometown of Cebu, and I was a Marine commander in Marcos's military. The Philippines was still under martial law in early 1980 and my position as an officer afforded me some freedom. But, as today, lesbians were not accepted.

I was courting her in the traditional Filipino way with midnight serenades, hand-holding, gift-giving, and compliments on her beautiful eyes, hair, and skin. We kept our feelings secret, though, from her family. I was helped by my male cousin, who acted as a Christian to my Cyrano de Bergerac. Accompanied by his girlfriend, I would meet them, not quite innocently, while they were out, say, on a movie date. Once the lights were off, we'd switch partners.

My *mahinhin* was a virgin, modest and shy, with a good upbringing. She took many risks to be with me. The first time we made love, I led her to a secluded summer beach house. I was the first lover to unbind her silky, dark-brown hair, to see it cascade down to her perfect, tan ass. Her fresh skin felt smooth to my work-roughened fingertips. Her movements were quick and light—so beautiful that watching her walk was like watching a hula dancer. I explored her for hours, making love to her slowly with my hands and tongue. I made her heart light. She accepted my attention like a good Filipina girl, quietly tolerating my devotions and slowly opening up to my insistent hands. We were both in our early twenties, with so much in front of us.

I loved her.

One day during the rainy season, our base was alerted that an approaching typhoon could affect us. As I looked at the maps during briefing, I realized that her island was directly in the storm's path. I needed to make sure she was safe, but calling her was out; she had no phone. I was young and rash; it was my duty to protect her, so I decided to go to her.

Casting around for a way off the base, I rushed to the docks where a fisherman sat mending his nets. I commandeered his boat by pretending to be on official business, which he was willing to buy, but he refused to transport me into the approaching typhoon. After a quick lesson on piloting the tiny, ill-equipped dinghy he told me I was crazy and offered a prayer, "May God help you," as he helped me shove off.

I needed divine intervention. The typhoon was mounting strong winds, and high, heavy waves buffeted the small fishing boat. I piloted it, battered but intact, with military determination to her island. I walked into my girl's house just as the typhoon hit. My arrival angered her; she thought that I was taking too many chances. "You're crazy," she concluded, but she was turned on.

For the next day I was stuck at her shuddering house, her family accepting me as a visiting "friend in need," while she told me her secret desires. Marcos's rule had awakened a latent need: she fantasized about being suspected as an enemy of the state, detained as a rebel, arrested, and, interrogated. Her captor would take her in every way. These confessions rocked me! My *mahinhin*, my good girl, was kinky! I confessed to her that I had the same kinds of yearnings, that I would be privileged to help her live out her fantasy.

In the weeks after the storm, we spent hours discussing her dream, and the level of detail she imagined was full of erotic promise. Her voice saying those words drove me to the edge of reason, and I recruited some of my military butch buds to help fulfill them, but I didn't tell her. We kept talking about her fantasy and making intense love.

One Friday, about two months after the typhoon, I told my girl to be ready Saturday morning. I traveled back to Marine headquarters where I finalized our plans with my fellow officers.

The next morning, two butch military police left Marine headquarters, motored to my girl's island and arrested her on suspicion of subversion against the government of the Philippines. They took her away from her home and family, then sailed with her to an island where there was only one jail cell—a cell that I had cleared of prisoners and guards. Two butch buds agreed to be my lookouts. I was taking a chance that could have had me court-martialed, and they knew better than anyone else what I was risking. I trusted them.

Once she was in that cell, her ass was mine. I was dressed in Philippine Marine-

"take me now,
please, **just take
me.** I'll confess to
anything if you
take me now!"

issue fatigues and as menacing as any commander, anywhere in the world. I strip-searched her and was displeased to find that there were no weapons secreted on her body. I then read her rights: she had none. Martial law meant that the military ruled, and she was not military. I was in control. "You're in my court now. For what you did the penalty is death."

She shook in the cool of the cell but her pale skin was burning hot when I reached out to grab her breast and twist a nipple. "But, you're so damned cute that I'll just torture you to death," I whispered into her ear. Once the blindfold was firmly in place,

continued on page 42

At the Almador Motel

story by
Jessie Fischer

illustration by
Frances Angevine

Sylvia couldn't believe she'd lived to be thirty-four years old and had never been fucked with a dildo. She'd been gay at least half those years, and ever since she'd double-fucked those two strippers behind the Denny's in '93, she'd gained a rep among her friends as an insatiable sex fiend, someone who broke all the rules. But that was ten years ago, and for the last four she'd been living the quiet life with Melissa, in a sweet little home in the suburbs. Then one autumn morning Sylvia had woken up, looked around her, taken in all the "assembly life" crap from Pottery Barn and Williams-Sonoma and Crate & Barrel, and thought, *Who the fuck have I become?* Well, maybe it didn't happen that suddenly; for months Melissa's "Jeanette Sconce with Antique Beaded Articulating Wall Base" in the bedroom was nearly sneering at her, making her want to dash into the kitchen and destroy all of Melissa's carefully organized back issues of *Martha Stewart's Living*.

That was six months ago, and since then Sylvia had broken up with Melissa and secured a loft downtown, which she furnished eclectically. (Her one rule: Nothing could come from a catalog.) When she'd left Melissa, she'd had all sorts of fantasies about women pounding down her door; when word got out that the horniest lezzie in town was single, it'd be nonstop action, right? Well, not exactly: All the women who'd once crawled between the sheets with her on cold winter nights were now crawling between their own 100% Egyptian cotton sheets with their own girlfriends.

So Sylvia had gone the way of all desperate dykes and placed an online personal's ad. Under "Relationship Desired" she typed "Sex." And then the line: "First-timer looking for all-night strap-on action." She knew it sounded lame, but that's what she craved, right? Pure sex. No commitment. She yearned for those days when every weekend meant devouring a new

and different pussy, taking in the smells and tastes of a hot femme or a stone-cold butch or whoever the fuck she wanted.

She'd gotten some e-mails from a few duds—women who'd duped her with photos from fifteen years ago, women who were really men, women who used to be men, women who wanted to watch her with a man, you get the picture. But the babe she was meeting tonight would be the one to rock her world, fuck her to oblivion—she just knew it. Sylvia had only gotten one e-mail from the woman—who went by the screen name "Dil-Master"—and it read:

Tomorrow night. Almador Motel. 9:00 p.m. Room 203.

I will fuck you to Kingdom Come.

And attached was a photo of a woman with the most piercing blue eyes, cropped silver hair, and a jawline more chiseled than that of Mount Rushmore's Mr. Jefferson himself.

sylvia closed
her eyes tightly,
savoring the fullness
in her cunt.

The following night, she spent nearly two hours in front of the mirror, blow drying her silky brown tresses, applying and reapplying mascara, making sure her lip liner was just right. And then at 8:40 she jumped into her Honda Passport (the one aspect of Melissa's bourgeois lifestyle she couldn't part with) and made a beeline for the Almador. During the drive, she fondly remembered the night she'd driven the then-married-with-two-kids Joanna Inman to the same ramshackle establishment and turned her out on a scratchy, beer-stained bedspread. Joanna (well, "Jo") was a physical therapist with a flattop now.

The sky was cobalt and a silver crescent moon hung in the air when Sylvia knocked on the scraped lime-green door of Room 203, car keys in one hand, pepper spray in the other. (You couldn't be too careful with those Internet liaisons. She'd read that in one of Melissa's *O* magazines.) The door opened to reveal the woman from the pic, who was even more stunning than she'd appeared in the slightly pixillated photo she had sent. She was wearing a black T and tight jeans, and a bulge the size of Toledo strained at her crotch, which instantly sent Sylvia's snatch into hysterics.

"First-timer?" the woman said in a sexy, low voice.

"Dil-Master?" Sylvia asked, realizing the cheesiness of it all, but what else could she say? She didn't know the woman's first name. And she preferred it that way.

Wordlessly, Dil-Master (or D.M., as Sylvia had begun to think of her) took Sylvia by the hand, closed the door behind them, and led her to the flowered bedspread. *This place hasn't changed a bit*, Sylvia thought, and as she did a chill ran from her spine straight to her cunt at the image of Joanna Inman flat on her back, her dripping wet pussy playfully pumping into Sylvia's insatiable mouth. But Sylvia was clearly with a pro now, not a virginal closeted housewife. This time Sylvia would be the one getting turned out.

Sylvia took in all of D.M.: her runner's body, her cut biceps, her strong thighs visible through the close-fitting jeans, and gave D.M. an approving nod. D.M. smiled in response, then positioned Sylvia on her back on the mattress and climbed on top of her. Sylvia looked up into D.M.'s steely blue eyes and saw a kind of wisdom there, a kind of experience, surely the kind of experience one can only get from having lapped at hundreds—thousands probably!—of hot,

continued on page 42



I circled behind her to press my breasts against her back.

I tied her arms and torso to the bars of the cell with scratchy rope. Her back and ass were pressed tightly to the cold, wet metal while her breasts and cunt were at my mercy. I used the paddle, the cane, the belt—everything that had been part of my own military initiation—on her supple skin. I watched her beautiful face become flushed, then tearful, then enraptured. I heard her heavy breath, her piercing cries, and eventually her hoarse screams.

When I slapped her face, she started to break down. I pulled her back by grasping her face gently after each slap, turning it this way and that, to examine her. I looked into her eyes, held her gaze to make her remember that she was with me, that I was the woman who loved her, that her fulfillment was my only purpose. I interrogated her for hours.

I was so proud of my girl; she never confessed to the things that I accused her of doing, she never admitted to being a rebel.

Until I lit the candles. She squirmed and moaned as the hot, soft wax painted her skin. She was soon making bargains with me, begging me to fuck her. "Take me now, please, just take me. I'll confess to anything if you take me now!"

I granted her request. She fell on me as soon as I untied her arms and I barely had time to drag her to the single, rough, wooden bed on the other side of the cell. There had been a change in my *mahinhin*. She pressed her body into my fatigues until I opened the shirt, but I never had time to take the rest of my clothes off. She went wild when I slowly licked her breasts; suckling her nipples made her cry out. When my mouth reached her clit, she sank her fingernails into my back, ripping as hard as she could through the shirt of my fatigues. I'd never been more turned on. My modest girlfriend fucked my mouth, raising her hips off the narrow cot and demanding, "More, like that, do that again!"

Hours later, when she allowed me to catch my breath, I dressed her and pulled us back together. I talked to her until she was calm and then summoned my escorts, who accompanied us back to her island. I carried her from the boat and put her safely to bed. My girl had finally come out. oob

sticky pussies. D.M. began with gentle licks and kisses at Sylvia's widow's peak, an untamable tuft that had caused her endless taunting on the playground, but which now for some reason drove the ladies wild. *Funny how those things change*, Sylvia thought with a smirk, but not for long because D.M.'s expert tongue and teeth were now licking and biting the tender skin behind Sylvia's left ear.

When Sylvia emitted a moan, D.M. pulled out all the stops, quickly slipping Sylvia out of her silk top and leather skirt. Sylvia dutifully assisted D.M. by whipping off her bra and panties. She flung her underpants at a wall lamp that looked strikingly similar to her old bedroom nemesis.

Sylvia's eyes bulged as D.M. unbuttoned her 501s and unleashed a monstrous strap-on—the biggest, fattest dildo Sylvia had ever seen up close. (Actually, the only one she'd ever seen this closely had been on the Internet.) It was black and thick and long and looked nothing like a penis, for which Sylvia thanked her lucky stars. D.M. reached over to the faux-maple nightstand, pulled out a tube of lube, and greased up the slick cock with the gooey stuff. Just the sight of D.M. stroking her shaft sent Sylvia's hungry pussy into spasms.

With the tip of her dick, D.M. teased Sylvia, moving it in tight little circles around her pink bud, which grew harder by the second. Finally she poked the fatty inside Sylvia's gushing hole; it was just a little poke, like a child testing the pool with her toe, but it was enough to make Sylvia's entire body shudder with delight. *This is what I've waited half my life for*, she thought. *This is what that uptight Melissa couldn't give me. Sex without strings.* When D.M. realized the water was warm and welcoming, she plunged in deeper, thrusting slowly at first, then gradually increasing in speed. The roughness of D.M.'s denim-clad thighs against Sylvia's bare ones was delicious, almost dirty, she thought. They hadn't spoken a word since Sylvia had entered the room, and that was just how she liked it. The last thing she needed was someone asking her if she paid the gas bill through a mouth full of quivering twat.

D.M. was pumping full force now, Sylvia's big brown eyes fixed on D.M.'s baby blues.

As D.M. slid her pole in and out of Sylvia's velvety snatch, she found herself unable to tear herself away from D.M.'s gaze. There was something intense there, she thought. Something profound. Almost religious. She thought she might drown in their beauty, their wisdom. If there were a place one might find solace or God or Buddha or whoever or whatever holds our answers, this would be the place; Sylvia was certain.

But her pussy was a little more certain, and when she felt D.M.'s thick rod bump up against her swollen clit on its way out, then again on its way in, she closed her eyes tightly, savoring the fullness in her cunt, feeling the blood try to pound its way out of her body. When she opened her eyes again, she was instantly lost in D.M.'s gaze. *Surely this woman is a poet, a philosopher, a teacher, an advocate for the poor and helpless*, Sylvia thought. *How else could she make me feel so good?*

D.M. was pumping like a jackhammer now, and Sylvia's eyes practically rolled back into her head, the pleasure and slight pain driving her wild. Her cunt tightened with each thrust, gripping D.M.'s cock like there was no tomorrow. And just then Sylvia felt herself at the edge, as a million images swirled through her mind's eye and she heard John Lennon's "Imagine" playing gorgeously inside her head and her coming came in long, loud waves and everything was perfect in the world and she cried "Yes!" so loudly D.M. thought the filthy wall mirror might shatter into a thousand glorious pieces.

Forget all those one-night stands and backroom quickies I used to have, Sylvia thought moments later, wrapped in D.M.'s strong arms. *What do I need those for when I've got this philosopher, this teacher, my beautiful silver-fox poet?* Sylvia knew she'd probably spend the rest of her life with this woman. D.M. obviously held all the answers to life's problems in those deep blue eyes; Sylvia just had to figure out which questions to ask.

"So what do you do for a living?" Sylvia finally asked a half-asleep D.M.

"Drive a truck," D.M. said. "For Pottery Barn."

Jessie Fischer is working on her first novel *Her Seventeenth Heartbreak*. She lives in western Michigan.



▲ "I've had some of the wildest times of my entire life at The Horse, [a Las Vegas strip club] such as handcuffing girls to the shower in the locker room and molesting them. Last time I had about fourteen strippers on my face!"

Jenna Jameson in Rolling Stone

"I think lesbians are much more direct in their search for relationships based more on companionship than sex. We have all heard the phrase 'lesbian bed death' to describe those relationships in which sex is but a dim memory. Rarely do gay men talk about 'bed death'."

Columnist Derek Hartley on planetout.com

"More often than not the butch, who looks more like an underpaid government bureaucrat than a nubile dynamo, wears her shabby boxers throughout—because, no doubt, she has 'issues'—and judging by the 'roid acne on her scapulae and the ashen cast of her skin, it's probably a mercy that she does."

Columnist Norah Vincent on why she won't watch lesbian porn in The Advocate



▲ "I had a little lesbian thing... I realized pretty quickly that I was not a lesbian. I don't mind boobs but the other bit is not my cup of tea. I could never ever say who it was. It was just one of those moments...I think it is just part of experimenting—I was kind of drunk at the time."

Geri Halliwell in The Sun

"I go to what is considered a very 'Chelsea' gym, and I can't tell you how many guys who look like standard-issue steroid queens have come up to me and said they loved *The Hours*."

The Hours author Michael Cunningham in The Gay & Lesbian Review

"The passage of [this bill] by the Texas senate illustrates a fact that gays and lesbians know all too well: Texas discriminates."

Randall Ellis, executive director of the Lesbian/Gay Rights Lobby of Texas referring to the recent passage of a bill that prohibits legal recognition of civil unions.

▼ "Oh people think I'm gay. I had a girl tell me I was lying one time...I told her I'm not and she was like, 'Girl, you lying. I know you gay.' ... But it's all good, 'cause gay people love me."

Rapper Eve in Elle Girl

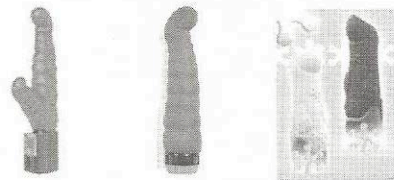


**Get her
where
you want
her . . .**



**and keep
her there!**

**HARNESSES . SILICONE TOYS
BONDAGE EQUIPMENT.**



**TANTUS . FUN FACTORY
STORMY LEATHER . VIBRATEX**

**Call 1.800.421.6646
to place an order!**

Miko Exoticwear

**Providence, Rhode Island
www.MikoExoticwear.com**

Grand Opening!

Sexuality Boutique

Now Bi-Coastal!

NEW LOCATION!

Los Angeles

8442 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood
CA 90069
323-848-6970

Boston

318 Harvard St., Ste. 32
Brookline
MA 02446
617-731-2626

Kim is holding
the *Rabbit Pearl*,
our most popular
Japanese vibrator.

Kim Airs,
Proprietrix
photo / Frank Curran

Toll free:

1-877-731-2626

www.grandopening.com

GREAT NEW ANGLES ON SEX!

NEW



LIBERATOR
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

HERLIBERATOR.COM
FREE catalog, toll free 1. 866. 542. 7283



Explicit,
authentic
sexy lesbian videos



Mistress Cobra, Full Load: Scenes from sssspread.com

"Welcome to porn for the
new millennium."

—RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL,
YESPORTAL

To place an order or get
your free catalogue,
call 888-5-FATALE

Or go to

www.fatalemedia.com

FATALE
MEDIA

1537 Fourth Street #193

San Rafael, CA 94901

+1-415-454-3291

www.fatalemedia.com

eroticBPM.com

music, community, subculture, and erotica



Leave the nasty
stinky fat-hating
world behind, friends.
Come frolic, flirt,
feed your mind, and
launch some
liberation!

It'll be fattastic!

Be there, July 4-6!

XOXO, NOLOSE

Nat'l Organization for Lesbians Of Size

All fat or fat-positive lesbians, bi- or queer-
women, and our trans allies welcome.

www.nolose.org

conference@nolose.org

(718) 622-7631

dildos, butches,
+ femmes...



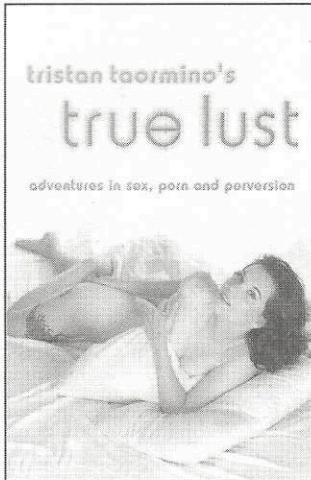
oh my!

best selling and award winning
100% dyke produced

www.sirvideo.com

Tristan Taormino's True Lust

Adventures in Sex, Porn and Perversion



"She's irresistible...
an underground icon
from coast to coast."
—*Adult Video News*

The bestselling author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and editor of the *Best Lesbian Erotica* series blows the lid off sexual propriety with her behind-the-scenes, first-hand peek at America's hot spots.

\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-157-0

Best Fetish Erotica

Edited by Cara Bruce

\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-146-5



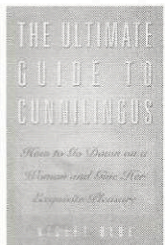
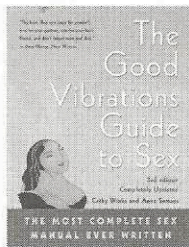
Best Lesbian Erotica 20/03

Edited by Tristan Taormino
Selected and Introduced by Cheryl Clarke
\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-161-9

The Good Vibrations Guide To Sex

The Most Complete Sex Manual Ever

Written
Third Edition
Cathy Winks and Anne Semans
Illustrated by Phoebe Gloeckner
\$24.95
ISBN: 1-57344-158-9



The Ultimate Guide to Cunnilingus

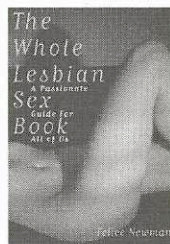
How to Go Down on a Woman and Give Her Exquisite Pleasure

Violet Blue
\$14.95
ISBN: 1-57344-144-9

The Whole Lesbian Sex Book

A Passionate Guide For All Of Us

Felice Newman
\$24.95
ISBN: 1-57344-088-4



Available from your favorite bookseller...
Cleis Press (800) 780-2279 or www.cleispress.com

announcements

KLUB TANTRA: xxx-otic, upscale Party/Club for women who love women. Come get pampered! For more information and a nude poster of our sexy Hostesses, send \$5 to Night Eyez Entertainment, P.O. Box 297, Bremerton, WA 98337

internet shopping

MAGIC CONE - A unique device that allows women to urinate from a standing position. **MAGIC CONE** - Ideal for use in: Public Toilets, Plane, Buses, Trains, Boats, Camping, Hiking, Theatres, Clubs & Bars, During Pregnancy and After Surgery. www.MagicCone.com or Toll Free: 877-667-8392

sex toys

All the latest lesbian videos coming to you every month!
Contact New Victoria Videos, P.O. Box 810, Norwich, VT 05055, call 800-326-5297 or e-mail: newvic@aol.com for information on renting by mail.

OnOurBacks CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

\$35 for up to 40 words.
\$30 for six issues.

Category:.....

Bold Headline (up to 5 words):

Ad Copy:.....

The information below is confidential yet necessary to process ads.

Name:.....

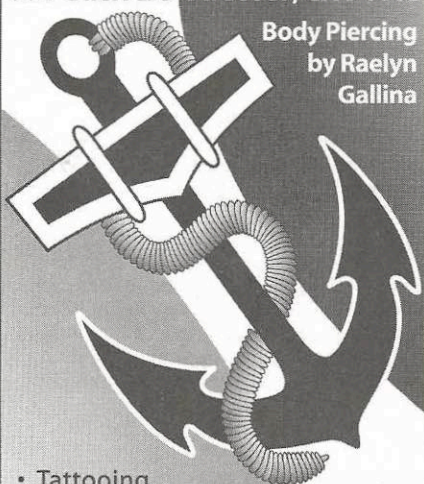
Address:.....

City, State, Zip:.....

Telephone:.....

Mail to: On Our Backs Magazine Classifieds
3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110
Fax: 415.648.4705 E-mail: sid@girlfriendsmag.com

381 Guerrero Street SF, CA 94103



Body Piercing
by Raelyn
Gallina

- Tattooing
- Piercing & Branding
- Friendly Atmosphere
- Sterile Conditions

Open late for Pride!!!

Dyke
Owned &
Operated

415.626.0770

**BLACK &
BLUE TATTOO**

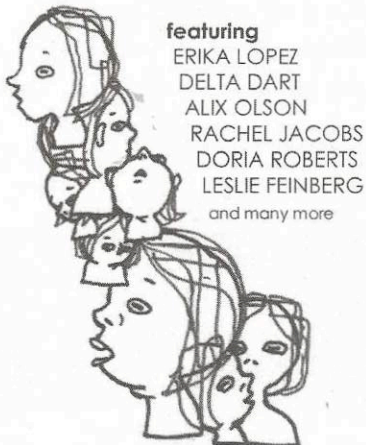
www.black-n-blue-tattoo.com

Ladyfest Out West

june 18-22, 2003
denver, colorado

music, film,
performance art,
spoken word, visual art
by ladies, grrls, and trannies

passes available now
at www.ladyfestoutwest.org



featuring
ERIKA LOPEZ
DELTA DART
ALIX OLSON
RACHEL JACOBS
DORIA ROBERTS
LESLIE FEINBERG
and many more

backtalk

What's your **SECRET KINK?**

compiled by Gina DeVries

Slap Me

Chainsaw pants. Oh wait, it has to be a secret. Then I'm gonna have to say spurs. And being slapped in the face by the (right) lady, who has long fingernails. *Ivan E. Coyote*

Marked

The biggest kink I have is getting bruised or cut. I love it when someone does something that I know will leave me marked for the next few days. When I'm lucky enough to get marked, I am totally horny and distracted until the marks fade. *Ben*

Outdoor Sports

I like doing it at sporting events and concerts or anywhere that's crowded. Once I got all hot and bothered while watching the Oakland A's and insisted on fingering my girlfriend under her skirt for several innings. *Lori*

Ticklish Toes

I love anybody with a foot fetish. I don't have one myself, but I get really excited if my partner offers to worship my feet. The problem, of course, is that I am entirely too ticklish in that area! *Kristina*

Service with a Smile

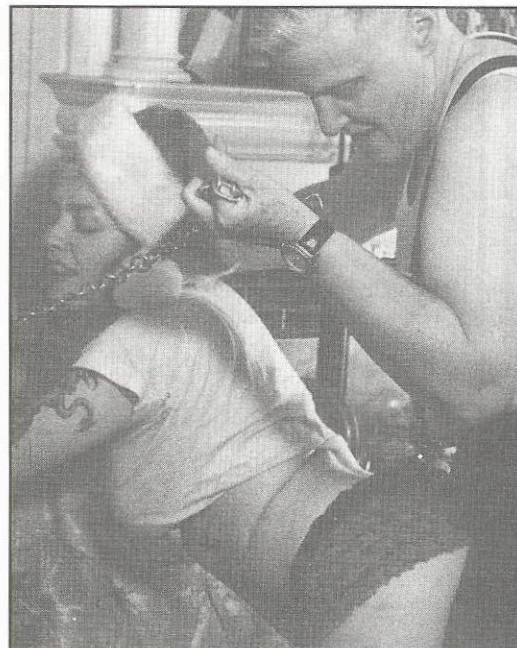
If it's BDSM, yes please! I also really enjoy cleaning while wearing a collar and high heels. *Chihuahua*

Sexual Choreographer

My kink is choreographing sex—I am very good at thinking of interesting sexual positions and deftly getting into them. *Elana*

Blade Play

Knives. Sharp ones. Role-playing got a whole lot more fun when I increased the "danger" level of my game. Knives can be used for all sorts of purposes: robberies, kidnappings, and even for cutting. It throws me completely over the edge when the



blade of a knife touches my face, my neck, or my chest while I'm being fucked. *Nikki*

Cityphilia

I make my girlfriend tell me stories about Portland, Oregon, when we're having sex. I realize that not too many people get turned on by a city. I think it's because we live in rural Japan and we're both closeted at work and in public, and in Portland we can be out everywhere. I'm obsessed with moving back there, and it turns me on to think about being in Portland with her. *Gillian*

Rubber Maid

I like it when my girlfriend dresses up in rubber or latex outfits. I like the way the material stretches across her plump ass, and they way her tits bulge out over the top. It gets me really horny and makes me want to jerk-off all over her shiny, tight dresses. *Dani*

Naughty Narcissist

I get so hot fucking my girlfriend in front of the mirror. I really like watching my fist pump in and out of her, and I get so hot watching her face as I'm fucking her from behind. It drives me crazy. *Sue*

tell us! Have you done it in a sex club? Let us know by June 12, 2003, and we'll send you a free issue. Write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail: onourbacks@onourbacksmag.com.



<http://personals.onourbacksmag.com>

ONLINE
PERSONALS

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX



zebragrll

In my bedroom, you'll find: "Just what you need, as long as I can start on the bottom and end up on top."



alwaysinroute

In my bedroom, you'll find: "A suitcase always half-full and ready to go, some books, a few pillows, a few candles."



heartbreakeven

Fill in the blanks: "Getting some is sexy; giving some is sexier."

climax

photography by
LeeAnn McGuire



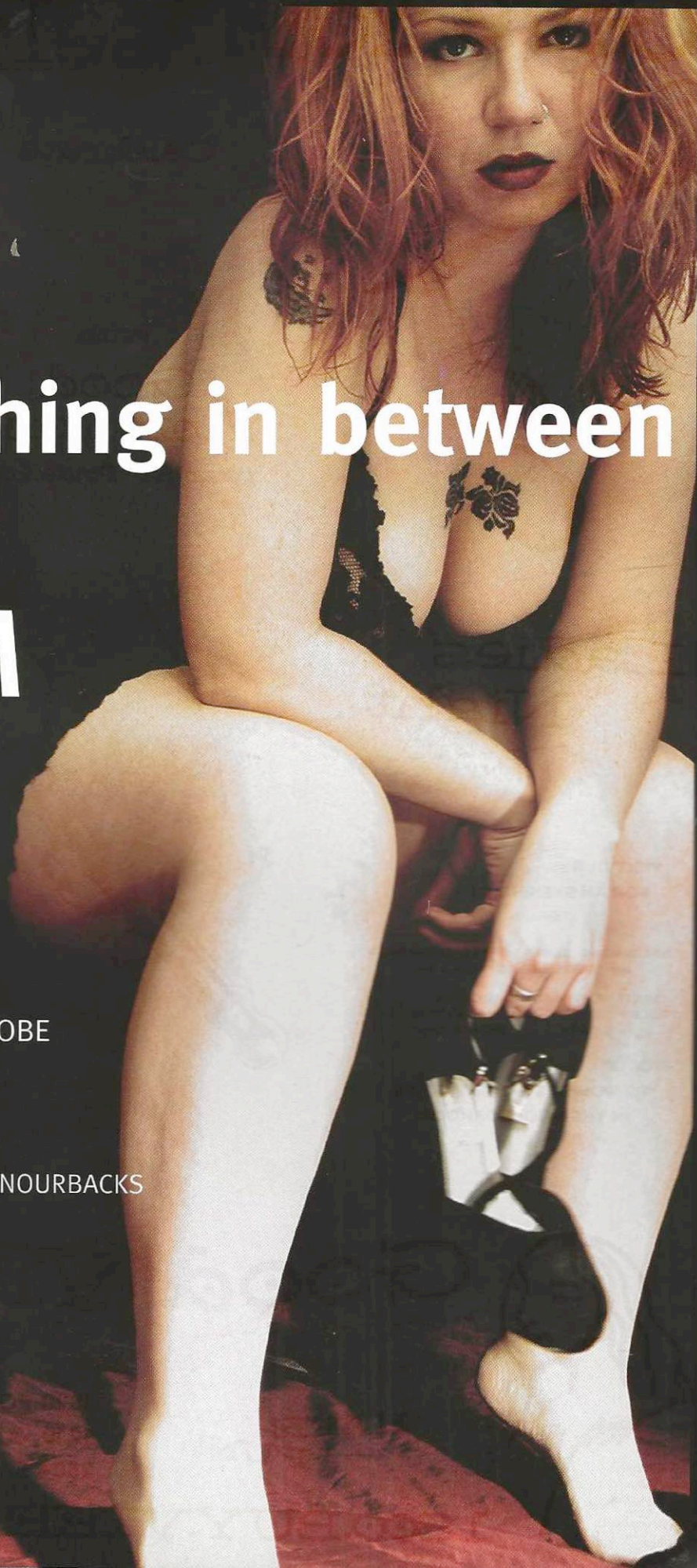
love
lust
and everything in between

GAY.COM

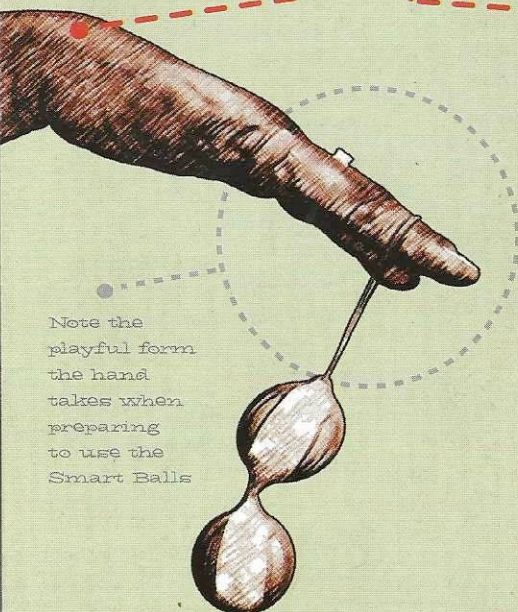
CHAT WITH WOMEN AROUND THE GLOBE

SEARCH OVER 1.8 MILLION PROFILES

FIND HER AT [HTTP://WOMEN.GAY.COM/ONOURBACKS](http://WOMEN.GAY.COM/ONOURBACKS)



Give Yourself a Hand!



Note the playful form the hand takes when preparing to use the Smart Balls

Celebrate
**San Francisco
Pride**
June 27-29
with
**Good
Vibrations,**
your SF Pride 2003
Home Away from Home

The Natural Contours
delicate shape allows for
easy gripping and
maximum relaxation

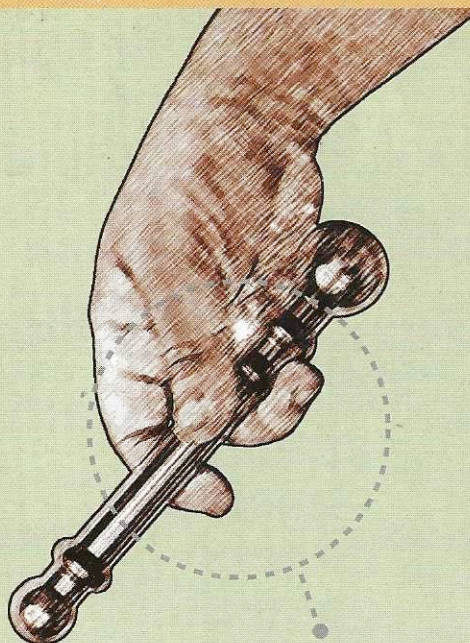
Ladies' Night

Friday June 27

VISIT OUR **POLK STREET STORE**
FOR AN EVENING OF **MUSIC,**
FASHION AND **CULTURE!**

- DJ & DANCING, SUGAR POPPY FASHION SHOW AND REFRESHMENTS FROM 6-8PM
- MIX IT UP WITH AUTHORS CAROL QUEEN, FELICE NEWMAN, VIOLET BLUE, ALISON TYLER AND CARA BRUCE FROM 8-10PM

PICK UP **DISCOUNTED ADMISSION**
TO WOMEN'S DANCE PARTIES
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!



Betty's Barbell
requires a firm
grip to achieve
maximum
muscle fitness

Pride Parade

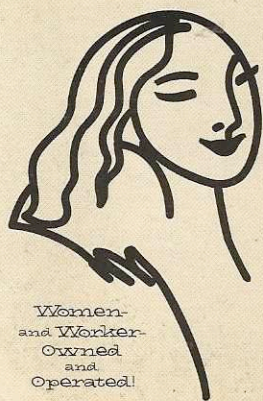
Sunday June 29

WATCH FOR OUR
MARCHING BAND CONTINGENT
AND GRAB ONE OF OUR
FREEBIE PACKS—YOU MIGHT FIND
A LUCKY **GOLDEN TICKET** AND
WIN FREE PRIZES!

Post-Parade Chill-Out

Sunday June 29

SWING BY OUR **POLK STREET**
STORE FOR COMPLIMENTARY
REFRESHMENTS, GIFT CERTIFICATE
DRAWING AND DJ'LICIOUS **DANCING!**



Women-
and Worker-
Owned
and
Operated!

Good Vibrations

Promoting sexual health & pleasure since 1977

HAVE
FUN!

- 1620 POLK ST, SAN FRANCISCO 415.345.0400
- 1210 VALENCIA, SAN FRANCISCO 415.974.8980
- 2504 SAN PABLO AVE, BERKELEY 510.841.8987

1.800.BUY.VIBE • goodvibes.com